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FROM WASHINGTON.

LETTER FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

WHEN Gen. Butler declared two years ago, in the presence of his constituents, and in all his public addresses, that he "had taken a solemn oath to stand between the colored people and their oppressors everywhere, and that it should never be said that he withheld from them in their hour of greatest peril the full sympathy of his heart, and the entire strength of his hand"—*politicians* laughed and said: "That is all buncombe! Wait a year or two and he'll be with us again"—("*us*" meaning the Democratic party.) It is not too late now to thank him—in behalf of the loyal people of the whole country, and especially of the South—for his indignant and solemn protest against the atrocious ruling of the Senate concerning the counting of the vote of Georgia. All the more infamous was that ruling because it compelled to its support two ever faithful friends of freedom, glorious old Ben Wade and the popular Speaker of the House, Mr. Colfax, (Vice President elect).

Of course Gen. Butler knew he would fail, but it was an indication of true courage and statesmanship, as well as an intrepid vindication of the right, and he was not willing to allow the opportunity to pass, even with the ruling of the whole Congress against him, without enrolling his protest. Ever vigilant Ben Butler! denounced and abused to-day, those same tongues will one day fawn and flatter. The South will sustain him, who has never failed her, and the whole nation will recognize him ere long. Not alone in this measure but in every important subject now before Congress does he show his sagacity. The debates of the past week concerning the reduction of the army show him as well versed in that branch of our Government as any other, and his arguments against keeping up at the public expense such an array of cormorants as the officers of the army now present, were conclusive, and will, I believe, be finally adopted though temporarily defeated.

Appropriation bills are the order of every day, passing at the rate of forty knots an hour through both Houses, occupying day and night. These furnish the motor power of the Government; without these lubricating processes the machinery of the nation must stop. So no matter what important measures of political reform, or security for freedom to the citizens of the Republic, are pending, *those* bills must pass.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT

Prohibiting any distinction in the right of suffrage, etc., passes the Senate, but an unusual conservatism pervades the House, and we are to have an "expediency" measure after all; for these words, "or the right to hold office" will be stricken out, as it is feared the amendment would not be adopted by such States as Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, Tennessee, etc., etc. For once the Senate is in advance. Even Butler favors the omission of that clause. But all this difficulty might have been avoided had Mr. Sumner's "political rights" bill been adopted, *then* we might have *waited* for the necessary education of the States before presenting to them the amendment. If this omission is finally agreed to, and the amendment passes in that form, it will be a great disaster and will delay the progress of "full and equal" rights for many years.

Mr. Henderson introduced a bill to establish a Department of Home Affairs. The Department is to have charge of the general land office, mining interests, Indian affairs, Freedmen's Bureau and abandoned lands, and Bureau of Education.

The adverse report of the Judiciary Committee on the above bill is every way satisfactory to the friends of the measure, as Mr. Henderson did not present the *True* Bill, but *borrowed* the idea (to use no harsher term) from a friend and added to its provisions entirely at variance with the objects sought to be attained. What his motives were we can only judge by saying that he knew, probably, that it would fail when he moved its reference to that Committee. The *True* Bill for a Department of Home Affairs will be presented in a few days, and as Mr. Sumner is known to approve the measure, he will probably choose to be its advocate. *This* department will have charge (instead of "mines and mining," "land office business," etc., etc. which renders it absurd), of "Freedmen," "Indian Affairs," "Immigrants" and "Agriculture."

THE INDIAN WAR

is rapidly becoming a subject of public contempt with the public, and of embarrassment and humility to those engaged in its prosecution. To wage war against this race at a cost of one million dollars ($1,000,000) for every Indian killed, and the loss of hundreds of lives is anything but economical, or creditable, especially when we know that there is a better way of keeping peace, *i. e.*, by keeping our promises. Yesterday the Senate passed the Appropriation bill, promptly sustaining the action of the Peace Commission. And just as promptly voting down the proposition for a transfer of Indian Affairs to the War Department. The next step will be to create the new Department; then we are clear of past corruptions and future wars.

The latest atrocity in the Senate is the adverse report of Mr. Pomeroy, Chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, to the bill introduced by Mr. Julian in the House last winter, declaring forfeited the public lands granted to the Southern railroads. which bill was justified by overwhelming and unanswerable facts, presented in Mr. Julian's most effective and admirable style. It passed the House by an overwhelming majority. But alas, we know what becomes of such bills in the Senate, and we know too well who is chiefly interested in land monopolies. We can only hope for a change when a Senatorial term expires, or a new Chairman of a Committee is from necessity appointed.

Mr. Pomeroy said "the committee had come to the conclusion that to pass the bill would inflict *great hardships* in the *Southern States.*" So Messrs. rebel proprietors and stockholders take courage, *no "hardship's"* will be inflicted upon you nor yours—long suffering and abused that you have been. The Senate Land Committee like the expiring Moses is tender of heart, keep your lands, your railroad privileges, your estates and your amnesties. But *you loyal* people, and you freedmen, have learned by this time to bear "hardships" with fortitude—suffer still, nor ask for one foot of the land ye have redeemed from the wilderness, even though you are starving for bread, for have you not the right of voting? What though the assassin stands on one side and famine on the other; you must not expect land. The Senate will not inflict *hardships* upon traitors. *Thus* is "treason made odious."

OMEGA.

MISAPPROPRIATION OF PUBLIC LANDS.

IN behalf of the interests of the landless colored people of the South and of the poor, landless whites of both the South and the North, one of the most watchful guardians in Congress is the Hon. GEORGE W. JULIAN of Indiana. He is earnest and constant in his endeavors to prevent the wholesale swindling schemes, with which some Representatives and Senators, are evidently badly mixed up. We extract the following from a recent speech, delivered by Mr. Julian in the House of Representatives:

Mr. Chairman, I proceed to notice another serious obstruction to productive wealth and financial prosperity which Congress should at once remove. I allude to our present system of land grants in aid of railroads. The evils of this system have become perfectly appalling, and no real friend of the country can contemplate them and hold his peace. Congress first fairly inaugurated the system some twenty years ago, and although it was originally vicious, it has for years past been constantly growing worse through the addition to it of new features, and the steadily increasing size of the grants. Congress has granted to the different lines of the Pacific railroads alone the estimated aggregate of one hundred and twenty-four million acres. If we add to this the grants made to the several States in aid of railroads and other works of internal improvement it will foot up not far from two hundred million acres. This immense domain has passed into the hands of corporations, and under the terms on which it was granted they hold it as a complete monopoly. They may sell it to actual settlers in moderate homesteads, or they may sell it to a single monopolist. They may sell it for a reasonable price, or fix upon it just such a price as they please. They may sell it to-morrow, or hold it forty years for a rise in price through the enhanced value to be added to it by adjacent settlements. Regions which the Commissioner of the General Land Office fitly describes as of "empire extent," and including vast bodies of the richest lands of the nation, are placed entirely beyond the power of our pioneer settlers. To the homestead claimant and preemptor they are unknown, or known only to their sorrow and disappointment. The landless and laboring poor of the Republic, who do their full share in fighting its battles in war, must pay to organized avarice just such a tariff as it may see fit to exact for the privilege of cultivating the earth and adding to the national wealth. The Northern Pacific railway alone has a grant forty miles wide, extending from the head of Lake Superior to the Pacific ocean, and containing forty-seven millions of acres. It is just about equal in extent to the five States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Hampshire, while the total grants made to all our various roads and for other works of internal improvements are nearly equal to the entire area of the thirteen original colonies of the United States.

Sir, will any gentleman on this floor defend this national havoc and spoliation? Have we, as the representatives of the people, the *right* to commit to the tender mercies of monopolists territory enough for a score of principalities and kingdoms? When the nation is groaning under an immense debt can we afford to slam the door in the faces of foreign immigrants and our own people who are seeking homes on our vacant lands, and anxious to coin their labor into national wealth? Mr. Chairman, these are very practical and vital questions and every passing day gives to them an added interest. Railway extension has become a passion with our men of capital and enterprise, and the demand for land-grants meets us now in every quarter, at every turn, and is pressed with unparalleled zeal. There are now pending in this Congress at least fifty bills, asking grants of land for railroads, wagon-roads, and canals, and covering an area of more than two hundred millions of acres. The Southern States, so long excluded from any share in these grants, are doing their utmost to make up for lost time. Scores of new bills are sometimes presented and referred in a single day; and judging from the signs of the times, the contagion which has seized Congress, and which threatens the country with general disaster, has only fairly begun.

The remedy, Mr. Chairman, is at hand, and is perfectly simple and easy. Let Congress provide that all future grants of lands in aid of railroads shall be made on the condition, expressed in the act making the grants, that they shall be sold to actual settlers only, in quantities not greater than one quarter section, and for a price not exceeding a fixed maximum. This will effectually destroy the monopoly which else would exist, and while furnishing immediate aid in building the roads will settle and improve the country along their lines, and thus create a local business for their benefit. Such a land-grant policy can honestly be defended, because it harmonizes the interest of these enterprizes with the settlement of the country; and it seems unaccountable that this should not have been seen from the beginning. A bill embodying this reform passed this House at the last session, and I regret exceedingly, that it sleeps sweetly in the complacent embrace of the chairman of the Land Committee of the Senate, and that by its side reposes another bill, passed by this House about a year ago, opening to homestead settlement nearly five million acres of land in the Southern States which for years have been tied up in the hands of rebel corporations, while the homeless poor of those States have longed to occupy and improve them.

Mr. Chairman, the reform of our policy respecting Indian reservations would remove a further and very serious obstacle to productive wealth. Within the past seven years this policy has been thoroughly revolutionized. Up to the year 1860, when any Indian tribe saw fit to relinquish the right to its lands, the uniform pratice of the Government was to provide by treaty for the conveyance of their lands directly to the United States, and they thenceforward became subject to the control and management of Congress, as all other public lands. This was not only the true policy, but it was enjoined by the Constitution in the authority given to Congress "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States." The Indians have simply a right of occupancy in their reservations, the title being in the United States; and the treaty-making power is not competent to change the land policy prescribed by Congress, but is itself bound by that policy.

The departure from this principle began in 1861, and has been persisted in ever since. One of the most notable examples of this new dispensation was the late treaty with the Cherokee Indians, by which eight hundred thousand acres were authorized to be sold in a body to a single purchaser, at the rate of one dollar per acre, thus completely withdrawing what would otherwise have been a part of the public domain from the control of Congress. The Indians desired to sell to the Government, but were not allowed to do so; and the settlers on the land of course desired to adjust their claims with the United States, instead of the monopolists who bought it. It was a disgraceful transaction, and cannot stand. Another treaty, made with the Great and Little Osage Indians, authorized the disposition of over three millions of acres, in contravention of the homestead and preemption laws, in derogation of the authority of Congress, and without excuse. Similar treaties have been made with the Sac and Foxes, the Delaware, the Kickapoo, and sundry other tribes, by which vast bodies of lands, which should have been conveyed directly to the United States have passed into the hands of railroad corporations, or individual monopolists; the treaties in these cases providing for the location and building of important lines of railroad in connection with these operations in real estate as if Congress had in fact abdicated its interest in this branch of legislation in favor of the Senate and the savages. By far the most remarkable of all these transactions is the last Osage treaty, now pending in the Senate. It provides for the sale of a body of land in Kansas fifty miles wide, and two hundred and fifty miles long, containing, consequently, twelve thousand five hundred square miles or eight millions of acres, which, divided by one hundred and sixty, will give an aggregate of fifty thousand homesteads of one hundred and sixty acres each; and allowing every head of a family to represent an average of five persons, it would sustain a population of two hundred and fifty thousand. The territory is nearly large enough to carve out of it three such States as Massachusetts, Connecticut and Delaware.

And yet the whole of this domain is conveyed by the treaty to a single railroad corporation in Kansas, in utter disregard of the rights of the *bona fide* settlers on it, in defiance of the authority of Congress over our Indian reservations, the moment the right of occupancy is relinquished, and in shameless disregard of the equal rights of other railroad corporations, to the aid of the government. All this land is sold to this corporation at nineteen cents per acre, on a credit of fifteen years, payable in equal annual installments, and in the bonds of the company; and without any reservation to the State of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections for educational purposes. To complete this picture it should be added, that this land is among the very finest in the State, and is probably worth at least ten millions of dollars. This beautiful and celestial performance—the blessed progeny of a meretricious union of railroad rapacity with a thieving Indian commission appointed by Andrew Johnson—is now before the Senate for ratification; and judging from the past, and considering the suspicious cover of darkness under which the Senate acts in such cases, it will be ratified. If so, the consolation will be that the act, having no warrant in the Constitution, will have no binding force. Like the Cherokee and kindred treaties, it will be pronounced void, whenever the question shall be fairly submitted to the Federal courts.

But the policy of these treaties should be reversed at once, and thus avert further and interminable litigation and trouble hereafter. This House has already passed a joint resolution denying their validity, and directing that hereafter no patents shall be issued by the President to purchasers of lands in such cases without first being authorized by law. I sincerely hope the Senate will concur in this action, and thus restore the ancient policy of the Government and the rightful authority of Congress. No man can defend our past action in thus joining hands with monopolists in squandering our great national patrimony, and conspiring against the productive industry of the nation. Our finances, of course, are deeply involved in this question. We have treaty stipulations with about one hundred and fifty Indian tribes; and the aggregate of their lands, according to official statements furnished me by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is one hundred and ninety-one million, seven hundred and fifty-five thousand two hundred and four acres; being just about equal in extent to the lands granted in aid of railroads. The whole of this immense domain is threatened by the frightful policy now in full blast, and must succumb to the baleful power of railroad corporations and land robbers if Congress shall tamely permit it. If we are ready for this we may as well abolish our General Land Office, with the corresponding committees of Congress, at once, surrendering their functions to the Indian Bureau and its allies; and thus entertain the world with the spectacle of total depravity finally triumphant in an "Indian ring," struggling no longer against obstacles for ascendency, but in the perfect amplitude of its dominion and the full blaze of its glory. Sir, let us insist upon it that just so fast as our Indian lands shall hereafter be disencumbered of the possessory title by which they are now held, they shall be conveyed to the United States, and fall under the operation of our preemption and homestead laws; and that the President and Senate have no more power to build railroads and make land grants than has the judiciary to enact laws.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN BRAZIL.

THE Anti-Slavery Cause does not appear to be making a single step forward in Brazil as yet. A correspondent writes us from Rio de Janeiro, under date of the 7th November last, to the effect that nothing as to its intentions on the question of emancipation can be extorted from the government, which, if it contemplate any measure at all, will declare only the freedom of the womb. A local paper, the *Diaxo de Povo*, has the following article. It is a sad picture if it be a true one:

THE SLAVE TRADE AND SLAVERY.

"The Aberdeen bill is still there to attest, in the face of the world that England was on the point of declaring war against Brazil on account of the treaty of 1826, by which she renounced the sad legacy of the metropolis—the trade in slaves. Alas! If, even after this, the Brazilian Government had assumed a dignified position by an energetic policy against Slavery! If, at any rate, after the suppression of the slave-trade, recognizing the absence of peril on that account, and seeing the immediate augmentation of the public prosperity, the government of the Emperor had determined to prepare—had it been merely to prepare—for the emancipation of the slaves. If, by an act of audacious philanthropy, he had repurchased the mournful hesitations and the painful reminiscences of the slave-trade! But no! The bills which, whilst sustaining Slavery, were intended to soften its most scandalous excesses and abuses, have not been even adopted.

"Procrastination, that cowardly expedient of vacillating governments, has hindered everything. The bill prohibiting the public sale of slaves—adjourned. The bill condemning the separation of the husband from the wife, the parents from the children—adjourned. The bill abolishing the interprovincial slave-trade—adjourned. The bill recognizing the right of the slave to his savings—adjourned. The bill liberating the slaves which the nation possesses, some 1200 yet, whilst some already emancipated are sacrificing their lives for the country, in the rank plains of Paraguay—adjourned. The bill emancipating the slaves belonging to religious corporations—adjourned. In a word, the bill establishing an increasing impost upon urban slaves—adjourned.

"Not one of these projects has been made law, nor has any preparatory measure been initiated, not even the preliminary inquiry into the question, which, like many others, is of such vital interest to Brazil, namely, the census of the population.

"On this vital question the Brazilian government still hesitates, whilst the presence in the council of certain retrograde minds creates the suspicion that it has repudiated an abolitionist policy."—*London Anti-Slavery Reporter for January.*

POWER OF CONGRESS TO PROHIBIT INEQUALITY, CASTE, AND OLIGARCHY OF THE SKIN.

SPEECH OF HON. CHARLES SUMNER.

Delivered in the Senate of the United States, February 5th, 1869.

THE Senate having under consideration the joint resolution of the House of Representatives proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States on the subject of suffrage—

Mr. Sumner offered the following bill as a substitute:

SECTION 1. That the right to vote, to be voted for and to hold office shall not be denied or abridged anywhere in the United States under any pretence, of race or color; and all provisions in any State constitutions, or in any laws, State, territorial, or municipal, inconsistent herewith are hereby declared null and void.

SEC. 2. That any person who, under any pretence of race or color, wilfully hinders or attempts to hinder any citizen of the United States from being registered, or from voting, or from being voted for, or from holding office, or who attempts by menaces to deter any such citizen from the exercise or enjoyment of the rights of citizenship above mentioned, shall be punished by a fine not less than $100 nor more than $3,000, or by imprisonment in the common jail for not less than thirty days nor more than one year.

SEC. 3. That every person legally engaged in preparing a register of voters, or in holding or conducting an election, who wilfully refuses to register the name or to receive, count, return, or otherwise give the proper legal effect to the vote of any citizen under any pretence of race or color, shall be punished by a fine not less than $500 nor more than $4,000, or by imprisonment in the common jail for not less than three calendar months nor more than two years.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That the district courts of the United States shall have exclusive jurisdiction of all offences against this act; and the district attorneys, marshals, and deputy marshals, the commissioners appointed by the circuit and territorial courts of the United States, with power of arresting, imprisoning, or bailing offenders, and every other officer specially empowered by the President of the United States, shall be, and they are hereby, required, at the expense of the United States, to institute proceedings against any person who violates this act, and cause him to be arrested and imprisoned or bailed, as the case may be, for trial before such court as by this act has cognizance of the offence.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted,* That every citizen unlawfully deprived of any of the rights of citizenship secured by this act under any pretence of race or color, may maintain a suit against any person so depriving him, and recover damages in the district court of the United States for the district in which such person may be found.

On this he spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT; In the construction of a machine the good mechanic seeks the simplest process, producing the desired result with the greatest economy of time and force. I know no better rule for Congress on the present occasion. We are mechanics, and the machine we are constructing has for its object the conservation of Equal Rights. Surely, if we are wise, we shall seek the simplest process, producing the desired result with the greatest economy of time and force. How widely Senators are departing from this rule will appear before I have done.

Rarely have I entered upon any debate in this Chamber with a sense of sadness so heavy as oppresses me at this moment. It was sad enough to be compelled to meet the champions of Slavery, as in other days they openly vindicated the monstrous pretension and claimed for it the safeguard of the Constitution, insisting that Slavery was national and Freedom sectional. But this was not so sad, as now after a bloody war with Slavery, and its defeat on the battle-field, to be compelled to meet the champions of a kindred pretension, for which they claim the safeguard of the Constitution, insisting also, as in the case of Slavery, upon State Rights. The familiar vindication of Slavery in those early debates was less sickening than the vindication now of the intolerable pretension, that a State constituting a part of the Nation, and calling itself "republican," is entitled to shut out any citizen from participation in government, simply on account of race or color. To denominate such a pretension as intolerable expresses very inadequately the extent of its absurdity and the utterness of its repugnance to all good principles, whether of reason, morals, or government.

I make no question with individual Senators; I make no personal allusion; but I meet the odious imposture, as I met the earlier imposture, with indignation and contempt, naturally excited by anything unworthy of this Chamber and unworthy of the Republic. How it can appear here and find Senators willing to assume the stigma of its championship is more than I can comprehend. Nobody ever vindicated Slavery, who did not lay up a store of regret for himself and children; and permit me to say now nobody can vindicate Inequality and Caste, whether civil or political, the direct offspring of Slavery, as intrenched in the Constitution, beyond the reach of national prohibition, without laying up a similar store of regret. Death may happily come to remove the champion from the judgment of the world; but history will make its faithful record, to be read with sorrow hereafter. Do not complain if I speak strongly. The occasion requires it. I seek to save the Senate from participation in an irrational and degrading pretension.

Others may be cool and indifferent; but I have warred with slavery too long, in its different forms, not to be aroused when this old enemy shows its head under another *alias*. It was once Slavery; it is now Caste; and the same excuse is assigned now as then. It was in the name of State Rights, that Slavery, with all its brood of wrong, was upheld; and it is now in the name of State Rights, that Caste, fruitful also in wrong, is upheld. The old champions reappear, under other names, and from other States, each crying, out, that, under the national Constitution, notwithstanding even its supplementary amendments, a State may, if it pleases, deny political rights on account of race or color, and thus establish that vilest institution, a Caste and an Oligarchy of the skin.

This perversity, which to a careless observer seems so incomprehensible, is easily understood when it is considered that the present generation grew up under an interpretation of the national Constitution, supplied by the upholders of slavery. State Rights were exalted and the nation was humbled, because in this way Slavery might be protected. Anything for Slavery was constitutional. Such is the lesson we were taught. How often I have heard it! How often it has sounded through this Chamber and been proclaimed in speech and law! Under its influence the right of petition was denied, the atrocious Fugitive Slave Bill was enacted, and the claim was advanced that Slavery traveled with the flag of the Republic. Vain are all our victories, if this terrible rule is not reversed, so that State Rights shall yield to Human Rights, and the nation be exalted as the bulwark of all. This will be the crowning victory of the war. Beyond all question the true rule under the national Constitution, especially since its additional amendments, is that *anything for Human Rights is constitutional.* Yes, sir; against the old rule, *anything for slavery*, I put the new rule, *anything for Human Rights.*

Sir, I do not declare this rule hastily and I know the presence in which I speak. I am surrounded by lawyers, and now I challenge any one or all to this debate. I invoke the discussion. On an occasion less important, Lord Chatham, after saying, that he came not with the statute book doubled down in dog's ears to defend the cause of Liberty; that he relied on a general principle, a constitutional principle, exclaimed, "It is a ground on which I stand firm; a ground on which I dare meet any man." In the same spirit I would speak now. No learning in books, no skill acquired in courts, no sharpness of forensic dialectics, no cunning in spliting hairs, can impair the vigor of the constitutional principle which I announce. Whatever you enact for Human Rights is constitutional. There can be no State Rights against Human Rights; and this is the supreme law of the land, anything in the constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

A State exercises its proper function, when, within its own jurisdiction, it administers local law, watches local interests, promotes local charities, and, by its local knowledge, brings the guardianship of government to the homes of its citizens. Such is the proper function of the State, by which we are saved from that centralization which is elsewhere so absorbing. But a State transcends its proper function, when it interferes with those Equal Rights, whether civil or political, which by the Declaration of Independence, and repeated texts of the national Constitution, are under the safeguard of the nation. The State is local in its character, and not universal. Whatever is justly local belongs to its cognizance; whatever is universal belongs to the nation. But what can be more universal than the Rights of Man? They are for "all men;" not for all white men; but for all men. Such they have been declared by our fathers, and this axiom of liberty nobody can dispute.

Listening to the champions of Caste and Oligarchy under the National Constitution and perusing their writings, I think that I understand the position which they take. With as much calmness as I can command, I have noted what they have to say in speech and in print. I know it all. I do not err when I say, that this whole terrible and ignominious pretension is traced to a direct and bare-faced perversion of the National Constitution. Search history, study constitutions, examine laws, and you will find no perversions more thoroughly revolting. By the National Constitution it is provided, that "the electors in each State shall have the *qualifications* requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature," thus seeming to refer the primary determination of what are called "qualifications" to the States; and this is reenforced by the further provision, that "the times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such *regulations.*" This is all. On these simple texts, conferring plain and intelligible powers, the champions insist that "color" may be made a "qualification;" and that, under the guise of "regulations," citizens, whose only offense is a skin not colored like our own, may be shut out from political rights; and that in this way a monopoly of rights, being at once a Caste and an Oligarchy of the skin, is placed under the safeguard of the National Constitution. Such is the case of the champions; this is their stock in trade. With all their learning all their subtlety, all their sharpness, this is what they have to say in behalf of an infamous pretension under the National Constitution. Everything from them begins and ends, in a perversion of two words, "qualifications" and "regulations."

Now, to this perversion I oppose a point-blank denial. These two words are not justly susceptible of any such signification, especially in a national constitution, which is to be interpreted always, so that human rights shall not suffer. I do not stop now for dictionaries. The case is too plain. A "qualification" is something that can be acquired. A man is familiarly said "to qualify" for an office. Nothing can be a "qualification," which is not in its nature attainable, as residence, property, education or character, each of which is within the possible reach of well-directed effort. Color cannot be a "qualification." If the prescribed "qualification" were color of the hair or color of the eyes, all would see its absurdity; but it is none the less absurd, when it is the color of skin. Here is an unchangeable condition, impressed by Providence. Are we not reminded that the leopard cannot change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin? These are two examples of enduring conditions. Color is a quality derived from nature. But a "quality" is very different from a "qualification." A quality, inherent in man and a part of himself, can never be a "qualification" in the sense of the national Constitution. On other occasions I have cited authorities and shown how this attempt to foist into the national Constitution a pernicious meaning is in defiance of all approved definitions, as it is plainly repugnant to reason, justice, and common sense.

The same judgment must be pronounced on the attempt to found this outrage upon the power to make "regulations" as if this word had not a limited signification, which renders such a pretension impossible. "Regulations" are nothing but rules applicable to a given matter; they concern the manner in which a business shall be conducted, and, when used with regard to elections, are applicable to what may be called incidents, in contradistinction to the principal, which is nothing less than the right to vote. A power to regulate is not a power to destroy or to disfranchise. In an evil hour, Human Rights may be struck down; but it cannot be merely by "regulations." The pretension, that under such an authority, this great wrong may be done, is another illustration of the extravagance which the champions do not shrink from avowing.

The whole structure of Caste and Oligarchy founded on two words may be dismissed. It is hard even to think of it without impatience; to speak of it without denouncing it as unworthy of human head or human heart. There are honorable Senators who shrink from any direct argument on these two words, and, wrapping themselves in pleonastic phrase, content themselves with the general assertion, that the power over suffrage belongs to the States. But they cannot maintain this conclusion without founding on these two words; insisting that color may be a "qualification," and that, under the narrow power to make "regulations" a race may be broadly disfranchised. To this wretched pretension are they driven. And now, if there be any such within the sound of my voice, I ask the question directly: can "color," whether of hair, eyes, or skin, be a "qualification" under our National Constitution? Under the pretence of making "regulations" of elections can a race be disfranchised? With all the power derived from both these words, can any State undertake to establish a Caste and organize an Oligarchy of the skin? To put these questions is to answer them.

Such is the case as presented by the champions. But looking at the National Constitution, we shall be astonished still more at this pretension. On other occasions I have gone over the whole case of Human Rights *vs.* State Rights, under the National Constitution. For the present I content myself with allusions only to the principal points.

It is under the National Constitution that the champions set up their pretension; therefore, to the National Constitution I go. And I begin by appealing to the letter, which from beginning to end does not contain one word recognizing "color." Its letter is blameless, and its spirit is not less so. Surely a power to disfranchise for color must find some sanction in the Constitution. There must be some word of clear intent under which this terrible prerogative can be exercised. This conclusion of reason is reinforced by the positive text of our Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, where it is expressly announced that all men are equal in rights, and that just Government stands only on the consent of the governed. In the face of the National Constitution interpreted, first by itself, and, then by the Declaration of Independence, how can this pretension prevail?

But there are positive texts of the National Constitution, refulgent as the Capitol itself, which forbid it with sovereign irresistible power, and invest Congress with all needful authority to maintain the prohibition.

There is that key-stone clause, by which it is expressly declared that, "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republiform of Government," and Congress is empowered to enforce this guarantee. The definition of a Republican government was solemnly announced by our fathers, first, in that great battle-cry which preceded the Revolution, "taxation without representation is tyranny," and secondly, in the great Declaration at the birth of the Republic, that all men are equal in rights, and that just government stands only on the consent of the governed. A Republic is where taxation and representation go hand in hand; where all are equal in rights and no man is excluded from participation in the government. Such is the definition of a Republican government, which it is the duty of Congress to maintain. Here is a bountiful source of power, which cannot be called in question. In the execution of the guarantee Congress may—nay, must require that there shall be no Inequality, Caste, or Oligarchy of the skin.

I know well the arguments of the champions. They insist that the definition of a Republican government is to be found in the State constitutions at the adoption of the National Constitution, and, as all these, except Massachusetts, recognized slavery, they find that the denial of Human Rights is Republican. But the champions forget that slavery was regarded as a temporary exception; that the slave, who was not represented, was not taxed; that he was not a part of the "body-politic;" that the difference at that time was not between white and black, but between slave and freeman, precisely as in the days of Magna Charta; that all freemen without distinction of color were citizens, and that, according to the history of the times, there was no State which ventured to announce in its Constitution a discrimination founded on color, except South Carolina, the persevering enemy of Republican government for successive generations, so that if we look at the State constitutions, we find that they also testify to the true definition.

Those are words of authority which the champions forget also. They forget Magna Charta, that great title-deed called "the most august diploma and sacred anchor of English liberties," where, after declaring that there shall be "but *one measure* throughout the land," it is announced in memorable words, that "*no freeman* shall be disseized of his freehold or his liberties but by the legal judgment of his peers or by the law of the land," meaning, of course, the law of the whole land, *in contradistinction to any local law.* The words with which this great guarantee begin still resound, *nullus liber homo;* no freeman shall be denied the liberties which belong to freemen.

The champions also forget that the Federalist in commending the Constitution, at the time of its adoption, insisted, that, if the slaves became free, they would be entitled to representation. I have quoted the striking words before, and now I quote them again:

"It is only under the pretext that the laws have transferred the negroes into subjects of property, that a place is disputed them in the computation of numbers; and it is admitted that if the laws were to restore the rights which have been taken away, the negroes could no longer be refused an equal share of representation with the other inhabitants."—*The Federalist,* No. 54, by Hamilton.

Some States might regulate the elections on the principle of *Equality,* and others might regulate them otherwise." * * * * "Should the people of any State, by any means, be deprived of the right of suffrage, *it was judged proper that it should be remedied by the General Government.*"

"If the elections be regulated properly by the State Legislatures, the congressional control will very probably never be exercised. This power appears to be satisfactory and unlikely to be abused as any part of the Constitution."—*Eliot's Debates,* vol. iii, p. 347.

The champions also forget that Chief Justice Taney in that very Dred Scott decision, where it was ruled that a person of African descent could not be a citizen of the United States, admitted that, if he were once a citizen, that is, if he were once admitted to be a component part of the "body-politic," he would be entitled to the equal privileges of citizenship. Here are some of his emphatic words:

"There is not, it is believed, to be found in the theories of writers on government or in any actual experiment heretofore tried an exposition of the term *citizen* which has not been considered as conferring *the actual possession and enjoyment or the perfect right of acquisition and enjoyment of an entire equality of privileges, civil and political.*"—19 *Howard,* 476.

Thus from every authority early and late, from Magna Charta, wrung from King John at Runnymede, from Hamilton, writing in the *Federalist,* from Madison, speaking in the convention at Richmond, from Taney, presiding in the Supreme Court of the United States, is there one harmonious testimony to the equal rights of citizenship.

If in the original text of the Constitution there could be any doubt, it was all relieved by the amendment abolishing Slavery and empowering Congress to enforce this provision. Already Congress, in the exercise of this power, has passed a *civil rights act.* It only remains, that it should now pass a *political rights act,* which, like the former, shall help consummate the abolition of slavery. According to a familiar rule of interpretation, expounded by Chief Justice Marshall in his most masterly judgment, Congress, when intrusted with any power, is at liberty to select the "means" for its execution. The Civil Rights act came under the head of "means" selected by Congress, and a Political Rights act will have the same authority. You may as well deny the constitutionality of the one as the other.

The amendment abolishing slavery has been reinforced by another, known as article fourteen which declares peremptorily, that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States," and again Congress is enpowered to enforce this provision. What can be broader? Colored persons are citizens of the United States, and no State can abridge their privileges and immunities. It is a mockery to say, that, under these explicit words, Congress is powerless to forbid any discrimination of color at the ballot-box. Why, then, were they inscribed in the Constitution? To what end? There they stand, supplying an additional and supernumerary power, ample for safeguard against Caste or Oligarchy of the skin, no matter how strongly sanctioned by any State government.

But the champions, anxious for State Rights against Human Rights, strive to parry this positive text by insisting that, in another provision of this same amendment, the power over the right to

vote is conceded to the States. Mark, now, the audacity and fragility of this pretext. It is true that "where the right to vote is denied to the male inhabitants of a State, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or crime," the basis of representation is reduced in corresponding proportion. Such is the penalty imposed by the Constitution on a State which denies the right to vote, except in a specific case. But this penalty on the State does not in any way, by the most distant implication, impair the plenary powers of Congress to enforce the guarantee of a republican government, the abolition of slavery, and that final clause guarding the rights of citizens, three specific powers which are left undisturbed, unless the old spirit of slavery is once more revived and Congress is compelled again to wear those degrading chains which for so long a time rendered it powerless for Human Rights. The pretension that the powers of Congress, derived from the Constitution and its supplementary texts were all foreclosed, and that the definition of a republican government was dishonored, merely by the indirect operation of the clause imposing a penalty upon a State, is the last effort of the champions. They are driven to the assumption that all these beneficent powers have been taken away by indirection, and that a provision evidently temporary and limited can have this overwhelming consequence. They set up a technical rule of law, *Expressio unius est exclusio alterius.* It is impossible to see the application of this technicality. Because the basis of representation is reduced in proportion to any denial of the right to vote, therefore, it is argued, the denial of the right to vote is placed beyond the reach of Congress, notwithstanding all its plenary powers from so many sources. It is enough to say of this conclusion, that it is as strong as anything founded on the "argal" of the grave-digger in Hamlet. Really, sir, it is too bad that so great a cause should be treated with such levity.

Mr. President, I make haste to the conclusion. Unwilling to protract this debate, I open the question in glimpses only. But, even in this imperfect way, it is clearly seen, first, that there is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the National Constitution to sustain the pretension of Caste or Oligarchy of the skin, as set up by certain States, and secondly, that there is in the National Constitution a succession and reduplication of powers, investing Congress with ample authority to repress any such pretension. In this conclusion, I raise no question on the power of the States to regulate the suffrage; I do not ask Congress to undertake any such regulation. I simply propose that, under the pretense of regulating the suffrage, States shall not exercise a prerogative, hostile to Human Rights, without any authority under the National Constitution and in defiance of its positive texts.

I am now brought directly to the proposed amendment of the Constitution. Of course, the question stares us in the face, why amend what is already sufficient? Why erect a supernumerary column?

So far as I know, two reasons are assigned. The first is that the power of Congress is doubtful. It is natural that those who do not sympathize strongly with the Equal Rights of all should doubt. Men ordinarily find in the Constitution what is in themselves, so that the Constitution in its meaning is little more than a reflection of their own inner nature. As I am unable to find any ground of doubt, in substance or even in shadow, I shrink from a proposition which assumes that there is a doubt. To my mind the power is too clear for question. As well question the obligation of Congress to guaranty a republican form of government; or the abolition of slavery; or the prohibition upon the States to interfere with the rights and privileges of citizenship, each of which is beyond question.

Another reason, assigned for a constitutional amendment is, its permanent character in comparison with an act of Congress which may be repealed. On this head I have no anxiety. Let this beneficent prohibition once find a place in our statute-book, and it will be as lasting as the National Constitution itself, to which it will be only a legitimate corollary. In harmony with the Declaration of Independence and in harmony with the National Constitution, it will become of equal significance, and no profane hand will touch its sacred text. It will never be repealed. The elective franchise once recognized can never be denied; once conferred can never be resumed. The rule of Equal Rights once applied by Congress under the National Constitution will be a permanent institution as long as the Republic endures; for it will be a vital part of that republican government to which the nation is pledged.

Dismissing the reasons for the amendment, I turn to those which make us hesitate to present it for ratification. There are two. The amendment admits that, under the National Constitution, as it is, with its recent additions, a Caste and an Oligarchy of the skin may be set up by a State without any check from Congress; that these ignoble forms of inequality are consistent with Republican government; and that the right to vote is not an existing privilege and immunity of citizenship. All this is plainly admitted by the proposed amendment, thus despoiling Congress of beneficent powers and emasculating the National Constitution itself. It is only with infinite reluctance that I can consent to any such admission, which, in the endeavor to satisfy ungenerous scruples, weakens all those texts, which are so important for Human Rights.

The hesitation to present the amendment, is increased, when we consider the difficulties in the way of its ratification. I am no arithmetician; but I understand that nobody has yet been able to enumerate the States whose votes can be counted on to assure its ratification within any reasonable time. Meanwhile this great question, which cannot brook delay—which, for the sake of peace and to complete reconstruction, should be settled at once, is handed over to prolonged controversy in the States. I need not depict the evils which must ensue. A State will become for the time a political caldron, into which will be dropped all the poisoned ingredients of prejudice and hate, while a powerful political party, chanting like the witches in Macbeth—

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; and caldron, bubble"—

will use this very amendment as the pudding-stick with which to stir the bubbling mass. Such a controversy should be avoided, if possible; nor should an agitation, so unwelcome and so sterile, be needlessly invited. "Let us have peace."

Of course, if there were no other way of accomplishing the great result, the amendment should be presented, even with all its delays, uncertainties, and provocations to local strife. But happily all these are unnecessary. The same thing may be accomplished by act of Congress without any delay, without any uncertainty, and without any provocation to local strife. The same vote of two-thirds, required for the presentation of the amendment, will pass the act over the veto of the President. Once adopted, it will go into instant operation, without waiting for the uncertain concurrence of State Legislatures, and without provoking local strife so wearisome to the country. The States will not be turned into political caldrons, and the Democratic party will have no pudding-stick with which to stir the bubbling mass.

I do not depart from the proprieties of this occasion when I show how completely the course I now propose harmonizes with the requirements of the political party to which I belong. Believing most sincerely that the Republican party, in its objects, is identical with country and with mankind, so that in sustaining it I sustain these comprehensive charities, I cannot willingly see this agency lose the opportunity of confirming its supremacy. You need votes in Connecticut, do you not? There are three thousand fellow-citizens in that State ready at the call of Congress to take their place at the ballot-box. You need them also in Pennsylvania, do you not? There are at least fifteen thousand in that great State waiting for your summons. Wherever you most need them, there they are; and be assured they will all vote for those who stand by them in the assertion of Equal Rights. But in standing by them you stand by all which is most dear in the Republic. Pardon me; but if you are not moved by considerations of justice under the Constitution, then I appeal to that humbler motive which is found in the desire for success. Do this and you will assure the triumph of all that you can most desire. Party, country, mankind, will be elevated, while the Equal Rights of all will be fixed on a foundation not less enduring than the Rock of Ages.

ANDERSONVILLE—A KU-KLUX LETTER.

THE following Ku-Klux letter was recently received by a Toledo clergyman, who has resided in Andersonville, Georgia, since last December. He interfered to prevent the Andersonville Prison grounds from being occupied by a cotton-raiser. The letter had the usual skull and cross-bones at the head:

(Skull and Bones),

——, Feb. 12th, 1869.

Dr. Pierson (*so-called*)—SIR: For your special benefit I am instructed to write you this special communication of warning and instruction.

The citizens of this community are aware of a few facts, relative to yourself, which I will proceed to designate. In the first place, they know you to be a wandering *vagrant, carpet-bagger*, without visible means of support, and living at present on the earnings of those who are endeavoring to make an honest living by teaching. You have also proved yourself to be a *scoundrel* of the deepest dye, by maliciously interfering in matters which do not in the least concern you, to the detriment of some of our citizens.

This therefore, is to warn you to *leave* this county forthwith; twenty-four (24) hours from the above date, is the time allowed for you to leave. If after the said time your develish countenance is seen at *this place* or *vicinity* your *worthless life will pay the forfeit.* Congressional reconstruction, the military, nor anything else, under heaven, will prevent summary justice being meted out to such an incarnate fiend as yourself.

By order of the Committee.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1869.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

SPECIAL PREMIUM.—PHOTOGRAPH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WE have arranged to offer as a premium for subscribers for THE STANDARD a life-like, beautifully finished, medium-sized photograph of WENDELL PHILLIPS, made for us by a distinguished Boston artist. We have had many calls for photographs of Mr. Phillips, suitable for framing, which we have hitherto been unable to supply. We have at last a likeness of him which we pronounce eminently satisfactory, and which we think will prove to be so to his many friends by whom it will be desired. Each photograph will have also Mr. Phillips' autograph. To all our subscribers who renew their own subscriptions and remit for one new subscriber ($6); or to any one who sends us the names of two new subscribers for one year ($6), we will forward, post paid, a copy of Mr. Phillips' photograph, the retail price of which is $2.50.

THE AMENDMENT.

We record this week with great satisfaction another very important advance step in the progress of our cause. Congress has adopted a joint resolution, proposing the following Constitutional Amendment:

ARTICLE 15.—The right of the citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State, on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude.

SEC. 2. The Congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

Five States, Kansas, Louisiana, Nevada, Missouri and West Virginia have already, with most praiseworthy promptness, ratified the Amendment—KANSAS leading the way.

We should have been still more gratified with the Amendment if it had embodied a distinct guarantee of eligibility to office, as well as the right to vote. But it is the opinion of as clear-sighted a lawyer as Gen. Butler, and the view is shared by many others, and is never questioned by any one in the case of white voters, that the acknowledgement of the right to vote involves also the right to hold office, and that the courts must so decide. Any court which may hereafter presume to decide otherwise, will by its action furnish most conclusive proof of its own need of reconstruction.

The unequivocal declaration by Congress of the right of the colored people of this country to vote upon equal terms with other citizens, is the most important victory for Abolitionists which has yet been recorded upon the statute-books of the nation. When this declaration is ratified, as we trust it is to be, by the requisite number of States, and is thus incorporated in the fundamental law of the land, slavery, so far as the legal disabilities of the colored people are concerned, will have been abolished. The Proclamation of Emancipation, and the Thirteenth Amendment, were but the beginning of the end—not the end itself. The ratification of this Fifteenth Amendment will ensure the death of the old ruling white oligarchy of the South beyond the hope of resurrection. It will henceforth be outvoted by its former subjects, as it was overpowered on the battle-field by loyal bayonets. The consciousness of this inevitable political fate, with the triumph and guarantee of suffrage for the negro, has stimulated the old rebel-leaders, encouraged by Andrew Johnson and their copperhead allies of the North, to resist the progress of reconstruction in every possible manner, and to institute and maintain a new reign of terror, worse, if possible, than that by which chattelism was perpetuated in by-gone days. The untold suffering, the fiendish atrocities, the thousands of murdered loyalists, white and black, since 1864, attest the desperation and the forlorn hope of the supporters of this doomed rebel oligarchy. With negro suffrage guaranteed, and protected by a loyal Executive, their sceptre of power is lost, never to be restored to them.

With the hundreds of thousands of colored citizens enfranchised in the Border and Northern States the balance of power is in favor of Radicalism, and against Northern negro-hating copperheads and rebel allies. Therefore *The New York World* has "strong hopes" that the Amendment "will be defeated in the Legislatures." The so-called "Democrats" of the North, and the unrepentant rebels of the South, who were joint copartners, as a fraternity of thieves in maintaining slavery in the past, and who were in close sympathy during the war, are again in full accord in opposition to this Amendment. Until its ratification is an accomplished fact they will spare no effort, and leave no stone unturned to compass its defeat. *The World* will continue to malign the colored people and to oppose the Amendment until its success is assured, and then will doubtless manage to take a "leap ahead," and, declaring itself always the friend *par excellence* of the negro, will sue pathetically for the votes of negro men and negro women.

The paramount duty of the hour for Abolitionists and all earnest Radicals is to concentrate their strength upon the Legislatures of the doubtful States, whose votes will be requisite for the ratification of the Amendment. Let no effort be left untried which will contribute to the auspicious end. Resort once more to petitions, memorials, addresses; and send deputations from the people to strengthen the weak members of the Legislatures and to encourage those who are strong. Do not suffer victory, now that it seems well nigh assured, to be lost by being over sanguine, and therefore inattentive to the hard work which in some States will be needed. Responsibility for the amendment is now transferred from the national capitol to those of the States. Recall the days of Personal Liberty Bills, when we besought the Legislatures earnestly to shield our neighborhoods from the prowling blood-hounds of the South. How much nearer now the beneficent end, and how much greater the incentive and opportunity for confident, enthusiastic effort. Be not outdone by the enemy's vigilance.

Of course a parchment amendment only will not suffice to destroy and exterminate the spirit of slavery. But the ballot to the negro means opportunity, power. Other helps and forces will be needed. These, earnest Christian men and women must and will supply. All Americans should take pride in helping to secure the ratification of this Amendment. It will be a long step forward in our progress towards a truly free government. Until it is ratified, we shall perpetuate an odious class and caste distinction based simply upon complexional differences, and the liberties of the colored people will be insecure. GUIZOT well says: "Liberties are nothing until they have become rights—positive rights formally recognized and consecrated. Rights, even when recognized, are nothing, so long as they are not entrenched within guarantees. And lastly, guarantees are nothing so long as they are not maintained by forces independent of them in the limit of their rights. Convert liberties into rights, surround rights by guarantees, intrust the keeping of these guarantees to forces capable of maintaining them—such are the successive steps in the progress toward a free government."

A POLITICAL RIGHTS BILL—THE FORTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

WE invite attention to the able speech by Mr. Sumner which we print elsewhere in full. It was delivered in the Senate while the Amendment was under consideration. We fully agree with Mr. Sumner that it was and is quite competent for Congress, by a Political Rights Bill, to put an immediate end to the great injustice which the disfranchisement of hundreds of thousands of colored men in the Border and Northern States perpetuates. Among Republicans however opinion is divided on this point, and it was found that a two-third vote necessary to obviate Johnson's inevitable veto, could not be obtained even for Mr. Boutwell's less comprehensive bill.

In any event we think it would not have been well to have relied solely upon a law of Congress and to have dispensed altogether with an Amendment.

But we see no reason why the Forty-first Congress should not pass at once, Mr. Sumner's or Mr. Boutwell's bill. Assuming that any measure which has received a majority vote in Congress, and having for its object the protection and well being of the colored people, would not be vetoed by President Grant, we hope Mr. Sumner will take occasion early to offer again in substance the bill which we print on our first page, in connection with his speech, and that a majority of Senators and Representatives will support it with their votes.

The prompt passage of such a law would not only relieve many thousands of colored citizens at once from the unjust disabilities imposed upon them, but it would greatly strengthen the Radical party in the doubtful States, such as Connecticut, and would render well-nigh certain the ratification of the Amendment.

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

THE triumph in Congress of the Constitutional Amendment, guaranteeing the ballot to colored men upon equal terms with the whites, will greatly facilitate the progress of the cause of suffrage for women. There is no permanent stopping place for the nation between a one man despotism and universal suffrage. Every important achievement in behalf of human rights renders easier those which are to follow. The field in the Forty-first Congress is now clear, and should be promptly occupied by the friends of women suffrage who, we trust, will urgently demand an Amendment abolishing all political distinctions on account of sex.

Hitherto, so far as the subject of woman suffrage has received attention in Congress it has been given, for the greater part, by the enemies of negro suffrage, to embarrass, and if possible, to defeat that measure.

Now, unembarrassed by the trifling of the Copperhead partisans against the negro, an Amendment guaranteeing the ballot to women upon equal terms with men, may and should be urged, upon its own merits. We hope Mr. Wilson in the Senate, Mr. Julian in the House, or some other real friend of the measure, will promptly introduce a joint resolution proposing such an Amendment in the Forty-first Congress. It will be very interesting to see, when a fair test vote is reached, who are its friends and who are its opponents. It will also be interesting to note whether negro-hating, copperhead Senators and Representatives, and others of their fraternity who edit certain Rebel—"Democratic" newspapers will continue their pretentious championship of the political rights of women, when by so doing they can no longer embarass the cause of equal suffrage for colored men.

With the advent of a new Administration and a new Congress, with the negro suffrage amendment transferred from the national capitol to the State Legislatures, and with a wide-spread, rapidly increasing interest in the cause among the people, the opportunity for successful effort in behalf of an Amendment extending suffrage to women, is most auspicious. Let it be improved to the uttermost by all friends of the movement within and outside of the halls of Congress.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

To-day (Wednesday) is happily the last day of the Presidential rule of Andrew Johnson. In allowing him to go unimpeached out of the office he has so greatly misused and dishonored the Fortieth Congress must share the responsibility of his infamy and the disgrace it has allowed him, unpunished, to inflict upon the nation.

A WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONVENTION is announced to be held in Springfield, Mass., on Monday and Tuesday next, the 8th and 9th of March. Among the speakers will be Lucy Stone, Stephen S. and Abby Kelley Foster, Col. T. W. Higginson, Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford and others.

Lucy Stone, we understand, addressed large audiences in behalf of woman suffrage in New Haven on Wednesday evening, and in Providence, R. I., on Friday evening last.

WE hope to be able to announce definitely in our next issue a series of appointments for lectures and addresses in Connecticut to be given by Hon. JAMES M. SIMS a Baptist clergyman, and one of the expelled colored members of the Georgia Legislature. We shall be glad to receive from our readers in Connecticut invitations for Mr. Sims in such towns as they may desire his services, where arrangements have not already been made for him to speak.

Mr. Sims will also address one or more meetings in New York, Jersey City, and Newark.

Kentucky greatly needs reconstructing. In a notice of the action of the Legislature in refusing to admit negro testimony in the courts of that State, the *Springfield Republican* says:

"The Kentucky Legislature has rejected a bill admitting negro testimony in the courts of that benighted State. So Deacon Pogram and Issachar Gavitt can walk in the way of the flesh, without any apprehension of being punished for their crimes, from murder down, unless a white man happens to be a witness against them. There is no defense possible for such a stupid and complete perversion of justice; which is as contrary to common sense, as it is to the civil rights bill. It is a thousand pities Kentucky did not secede, and get herself cured of her absurdity in the natural way."

The interesting letter from London, which will be found in another column, is from the pen of one of the clearest-headed and most intelligent of English working-class or Democratic leaders. It treats of the system also in vogue here, by which majorities alone are represented. It brings up in greater importance to the minds of thinking men the principle of representation of minorities, undoubtedly one desirable in our system. "Democratic" Senator Buckalew some time since propounded a plan, supporting it by an able speech, which though it was vitiated by some of the faults of the English Tory dodge of three-cornered constitutencies, deserved attention from the public. We bespeak a careful perusal of Mr. Mottershead's letter. The writer should, apart from the subject and mode of his discussion, command the attention and respect of every liberal American as one of the truest and most efficient friends this country possessed in London during its hour of peril.

We are very glad to learn from *The Friend's Review*, of Philadelphia, that President Grant has caused letters to be written to some Friends in that city with a view of selecting suitable Friends for official service among the Indians. *The Review* of the 27th ult. says:

"The President elect, U. S. Grant, impressed with the integrity of purpose and the earnest friendship for the Indians and desire to do them justice, evinced by the Society of Friends through the delegated members who recently advocated their claims, has caused letters to be written to certain Friends in Philadelphia. His desire is set forth, 'of inaugurating some policy to protect the Indians in their just rights, and enforce integrity in the administration of their affairs, as well as to improve their general condition.' He requests a list of names of members of the Society of Friends who can be endorsed as suitable persons for Indian Agents. He will encourage and protect any attempt which Friends shall make for the improvement, education and Christianization of this people. It cannot be doubted that well-disposed and patriotic citizens will approve the determination of the President elect, and that they will concur in his judgment that Friends are the true, disinterested counsellors of the aborigines.

"May this trust be wisely and conscientiously met and discharged. Let no one accept position who is not prepared to recognize in every Red Man an object of our common Father's love and care, and perform the duty heartily as unto the Lord."

ON Saturday last the House of Representatives considered the case of the Louisiana contestants. They were allowed fifteen minutes each to speak in their own behalf. The Hon. J. WILLIS MENARD, the colored contestant who holds the Governer's certificate of election, addressed the House, and it is said would have been regularly admitted while the case was under consideration, but for the acknowledgment which it would have involved of the legality of the Louisiana election. Mr. MENARD has, however, gained a good point and established a valuable precedent. We clip the following from the House proceedings of Saturday:

"Mr. Menard addressed the House, referring to the fact that Mr. Hunt had not taken the testimony within the time provided by the act. He said that if Mr. Hunt did not know the law of Congress he was a very poor subject to be sent to Congress. The point was deemed a good one, and caused some amusement among members. He went on to argue the details of the question in an easy, quiet, good-humored style which attracted the attention and apparent sympathy of the members. After speaking for about a quarter of an hour, he asked and obtained leave to print the remainder of his remarks in the *Globe*. After he resumed his seat many members approached and congratulated him in a friendly manner."

We hope Mr. MENARD may yet be returned to Congress, from the District he represents, in a way to leave no doubt as to the legality of the election, and that other competent colored men will ere long find places in both branches of Congress.

PERSONAL.

Rev. J. W. Chadwick will lecture next Sunday evening on the "Failure of Protestism."

Mr. E. P. Whipple, the essayist, has severed his editorial connection, of many years standing, with *The Boston Transcript.*

The Newtown, (Pa.) *Enterprise* says: "The Concert of Joshua Hutchinson and Walter Kittredge came off on Thursday night, and was well attended. The Hutchinson family have always been favorites in Newtown, and this last concert was gratifying and pleasing to all who were so fortunate as to be present."

Tennyson recently visited Paris, and was received by a committee of the association of French authors. The association gave a *soiree* in his honor, at which Paul Feval read his new translation of "Enoch Arden," and Louis Ratisbonne, the translator of Longfellow's poems, presented a golden wreath to Tennyson.

Rev. Dr. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, author of a *South Side View of Slavery*, and who furnished a son as chaplain to the rebel army in the late war, was prostrated by a sudden attack of illness, of a paralytic nature, in his pulpit three Sabbaths ago, and has been very ill since that time, though he is now, it is said, recovering.

Wendell Phillips will lecture in this city at Trenor's Hall Sixth avenue, to-morrow (Thursday) evening. Subject, "*The Lost Arts.*" He will lecture on "Daniel O'Connell" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Friday evening, 5th instant, for the benefit of St. Peter's Hospital and House of the Good Shepherd.

Geo. Wm. Curtis will lecture on "Political Morality" in Mr. Chadwick's Church on Wednesday evening, the 10th of March. His lecture on "Dickens" at the same place was listened to by a large and enthusiastic audience. His next subject is one of even greater general interest and will reveal Mr. Curtis on his strongest, as the Dicken's lecture reveals him on his tenderest side.

Professor Agassiz advocates fish culture from an educational point of view. The use of fish as an article of food strengthens the intellectual powers. More than any other product it stimulates the faculties of the mind, and developes all their resources. Fish, in the view of Professor Agassiz, is not simply a luxury; it is a necessity of our advancing civilization. It promotes thought, is the best restorative for a weakened brain, is food for the intellectual functions, and aids in the promotion of a higher culture.

Church, the artist, is now in Rome, Italy, having returned from Syria, where he has been travelling with Mrs. Church. He penetrated into the savage defiles of Petra, and happened, fortunately, to hit the amiable side of the ferocious Bedouins who linger in that strange land. He was not only permitted to view the wonderful rock-hewn temples, but actually to make oil studies there. Mrs. Church went with him to Bashan, and is the first lady who has been there. They saw the wonderful remains of the giant cities, and got back alive and unhurt. They lingered around Baalbeck for eight days, and visited Lebanon, Beyroot, Smyrna, and Constantinople.

Dr. Bartol, of Boston, who has for several months past been in a very critical state of health is, we are glad to learn, much improved, with a fair prospect of complete recovery. Dr. Seth Rogers, his attending physician, at St. James Hotel, Jacksonville, Florida, under date of February 22d, 1869, in a private letter to a friend says:

"Dr. Bartol is not only improving, but he is *getting well*, and I want you to assure his friends, when opportunity occurs, of the fact, and he will return to his desk. He thinks I have done something for him, but he can never know how much his great beautiful spirit has done for me."

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the colored artist now in Rome, has on exhibition in Boston, at Mr. Child's, 127 Tremont street, her "Forever Free," heretofore noticed in our columns. It will remain on exhibition until Friday the 11th instant, when it is to be sold, with other works of art, at public sale. Her price is four hundred dollars, but it will, an account of Miss Lewis' personal needs while abroad, be sold to the highest bidder. We call the attention of our readers in Boston and vicinity to the sale, and shall hope that their competition for the possession of so beautiful a work of art by a pioneer among colored artists, may realize to Miss Lewis a liberal remuneration.

Capt. George Brooks, a colored man who sailed from this port in May last as master of the "James M. Waterbury," with a colored crew, for the coast of Africa, has returned after a very successful voyage. He is, we believe, the first colored man to receive from the American Ship Master's Association a certificate, and to be officially registed as an approved ship master. The owners of the vessel in his charge express great satisfaction with his conduct of their business on the trading voyage. He is an able navigator and a pioneer among colored men in that department of responsible service. A movement has been started to present to Capt. Brooks as a testimonial, a first-class chronometer, which would be a very appropriate, serviceable and timely gift. Any who may like to join in the testimonial may send contributions for that purpose to Messrs. Roberts and Aims, merchants, 145 Maiden Lane, this city.

The Boston Correspondent of *The Worcester Spy* says:

"Mr. Emerson's readings are pleasant; they are so quiet and leisurely that they give one a sense of repose and of having time enough and to spare, besides the pleasure of listening to good things. He began his last reading with the fine old hymn:

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"

then he read Henry Kirke White's little poem to the Rosemary, "Sweet-scented flower," etc. He then devoted an hour to Ben. Johnson, reading a few of the songs and selections from the plays, which he strung on a thread of easy talk about the author, partly biographical and partly critical. The reading was closed with a few extracts from Bacon, and some talk about him, in which Mr. Emerson spoke with commendation of Mr. E. P. Whipple's essay on Bacon; and said also a few words about the modern claim that he is the author of many of Shakespeare's plays; quoting from Ben. Jonson to prove that he was not."

The (Williams College) *Vidette*, in a notice of Mr. Phillips' lecture on O'Connell, recently delivered at Williamstown, Mass., says:

"Although the stormy night of the 11th of February was preceded by a stormy day, the College chapel was filled to its uttermost. * * * The lecture was perfect in arrangement, grand in scope, rich with illustration and knowledge, and alive with love for freedom and mankind. But behind the lecture was the man, the master. The unostentatious quietude and self-possession of attitude and delivery, the high-bred simplicity of every sentence, the perfection of every phrase, the moderation and truthfulness of statement, the aroma of feeling and purpose stealing through the restraint and poise united to leave the impression of mastery most prominent in our minds. It was thirty years of indignant protest, sympathy, toil and thought that crystalized the language to which we listened; and while he unfolded the splendid devotion of the great Irishman, we knew that he spoke of that principle which had drawn from the cultured luxury of his Boston home, the scholar and genius to that long ostracism of conflict for a race of stranger blood, whose riches were their poverty, and whose glory was their shame. Verily he has his reward."

THE DISABILITIES OF COLORED PEOPLE.

LETTER FROM ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

To the Editor of the Standard:

IN your paper of February 6th last, Mr. Seth Hunt proposes a series of interrogatories to me, which, with your permission I will answer.

First, I am unable to state "which was the first hotel in Bostorf, or any other place, to give colored men the same privileges as white guests." But for years past colored men have been treated with marked attention and respect by the courteous landlord of the Marlboro' Hotel, on Washington street, and could always obtain good rooms, with meals provided in their rooms. I cannot say whether or not the public table has been or is now open to them.

To the second inquiry, I answer, that when the new Boston Museum was opened to the public, I held a correspondence with Mr. David Kimball, the proprietor, in reference to permitting colored people to visit that place of amusement. He concluded to try the experiment, and I went then during some of the first entertainments, and sat in the body of the house. My impression is that, from that day to this, no discrimination, on account of color has ever been made in that deservedly popular house. Hon. Moses Kimball, whom I understand to be a radical Republican, and has the control of the museum, can tell you whether he permits any distinction there on account of color.

To the third, I answer that after much controversy in and out of the Legislature and several suits in our courts, the Eastern Railroad Corporation was, I think, the first to abolish its "Jim crow cars."

To the fourth interrogatory let me say that, I never heard of a Protestant Church abolishing its "negro pew" where such a pew had been established. Such a pew was never allowed at the Music Hall in Rev. Mr. Parker's day, or in Tremont Temple. Of late years many of the more intelligent colored people here have attended the Episcopal Church—Rev. Dr. Bowle's—where no distinction, based on color, has ever been made. Before Almighty God the Protestant Churches will have much to answer for, on account of their treatment to the colored people.

Thirty years ago when I came to Boston—a little boy—Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring sent me to meeting. The family attended the Rev. Dr. Mott's Church (Unitarian) on Washington street. The sexton put me in a pew up stairs near the organ where I could not see much, and could not be seen by persons below. On the seats the dust and dirt had accumulated nearly sixth of an inch thick; I refused to remain there or to go again. Since then the building having been purchased by the Catholics has been repaired and improved, and the "negro pew" abolished. So too in former years the old meeting house on Chamber street, maintained a "negro pew" in the gallery. Within the last eight years it has been purchased by the Catholics and converted into a church. The relic of negrophobia has been banished, and colored people now sit in the broad isle. The Catholic church never tolerated caste. The Jesuit order are rapidly increasing in our midst. Their's seems to be the special mission to carry and plant the cross in heathen lands, and spread the true faith. To the Catholics, and especially the Jesuits, I look more than to any other earthly instrumentality for the elevation and progress of my race.

To the fifth interrogatory I reply that ten or twelve years ago, more or less, the Rev. James Marrs was settled over a white congregation at Athol, Mass. I think it was a Methodist society. But it has always been the pride and glory of the Catholic Church to be able to boast of its colored bishops, priests and saints. Yearly from the Propagandi and other colleges at Rome colored students graduate with distinguished honors to enter the church in different sections of the world. Soon some of them will be sent here.

To the sixth, I answer that to my knowledge we have never had a colored judge in America. The County of Suffolk has the honor of appointing the first colored justice of the peace, and admitting the first colored man to the bar, and may, if it chooses have the distinguished honor of appointing the first colored judge.

Last summer I travelled quite extensively in Europe with my wife and son, going as far as Rome. At Paris, Lyons, Montpellier, Marseilles, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, indeed every place we visited, we travelled in first-class conveyances and put up at the best hotels. On the continent and in England no distinction is made based on color. On the other side of the Atlantic color caste is unknown, at least we saw nothing of it. During our stay at Rome we had the distinguished honor of an audience with His Holiness the Pope, at the Vatican. The Holy Father received us with great courtesy and kindness. With my son he spoke with great familiarity. We can never forget the tenderness of his manner and solicitude for our pleasant visit at Rome and safe return home.

In the matter of travelling, social and hotel life, Americans have much to learn.

There is a house builder here who employs many hands, carpenters, masons, and common laborers, colored and white. They work together, eat together, laugh and talk together. One day he told two Irishmen to remove a heavy stone from one place to another. They refused, saying it was too heavy for two men to handle. Very well said he, go to your work cleaning bricks. Then calling two of the colored men, he told them where to place the stone. In a few minutes the stone was removed, much to the astonishment of the Irishmen.

"Do you mind how that was done, Mike!," said one of these men to another.

"An faith and I do," was the reply. Since then heavier stones have been removed by the Irishmen, who say they can and will exhibit as much strength as the colored laborers do. So too in the carpenters and masons department this quiet practical Yankee places, black and white men on the best work, thus creating an honorable competition. He told me that he could discover no difference in the amount, style or excellence of the work done by them, and none of his men have left his employment.

Let me here state that, at the present time quite a number of colored men are employed by our city as street sweepers, and soon I hope to see one or more of them on the Police, and State Constabulary.

There are many men who talk very long and loud about the rights, and wrongs of the "negro." Give me a dozen practical men who will *act* rather than *talk*—men who really appreciate talent and capacity under a colored skin, and will *employ* it—men who, instead of trying to ride into notoriety and power on our backs, are willing to let us ride into notoriety and power at their expense—I say give me a dozen such men, in Boston and I will revolutionize the city, if not the entire Commonwealth.

ROBERT MORRIS.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, March 1st, 1869.

THE Sunday afternoon discourses at Horticultural Hall continue to be attended by interested and appreciative audiences, combining the cream of the ordinary church assemblies, and some of the most intelligent and religious of those who don't find it worth their while to go to church. A week ago, this meeting was addressed by T. W. Higginson, who chose "Immortality" for his subject. Treating this topic from the stand-point of natural religion—he felt no need, he said, of appealing to any other than *natural* religion, having always found that not only good, but sufficient—he specified four paths, by some one of which people reached the assurance of a future and an unending life. These were Instinct, Love, Will, Intellect, of each of which he gave pertinent and graceful illustrations, many of them drawn from his experience and observation among the colored people at the South. Of these he said that they not only firmly believed in immortality, but that the idea of disbelieving it was incomprehensible to them.

As a specimen of the historical testimony that a firm faith in immortality was neither originated by, nor dependent upon, what is called "revealed religion," Mr. Higginson instanced the case of Socrates, who, when about to drink the hemlock, pleasantly reproved Crito for asking where they should bury him. For the body which he should presently leave inanimate, that, he said, they might bury anywhere and anyhow they pleased; as to himself, that person Socrates, who had taught them, and who was then talking with them, he had no idea of being buried, or even of dying.

Mr. Higginson remarked upon the extreme rarity of a quiet, easy, habitual cheerfulness in looking at all the facts of time and eternity. The tone of popular instruction in regard to death is sufficient to account for this, but, in spite of that instruction, it is exceedingly rare to find any fear, or apprehension of the future, when death is understood to be near and inevitable. People in that situation, whatever their previous instruction, almost invariably meet death as a natural, normal event, which need inspire no more alarm than any other fact in the course of their earthly existence.

The discourse yesterday afternoon was read by Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, well known in and around Boston as active in works of usefulness as well as in plans of reform. Throughout the labors of the Sanitary Commission and the Freedmen's Union Commission, her activity was prompt and unceasing both in work and counsel; and she was prominent among the founders of the Hospital for the diseases of Women and Children, the Infant Asylum, and the Women's Club.

Mrs. Cheney's subject was "Work, considered chiefly in its ideal relations." She introduced the subject by saying that all we delight in as beauty has a purpose also of use. In God's work beauty never stands alone without use. No doubt there are uses also in toil and suffering. True, the enjoyments and sufferings of this life seem to be divided unequally; we see wealth and enjoyment on one side, suffering and poverty on another. Yet even in the *work* of the world we may find lessons to strengthen our faith in the justice and completeness of God's government.

Work is action directed to a definite purpose, intending the production of a good beyond itself. The purpose intended may be material only, but mental and moral, and even religious results, are naturally connected with it. To do honest and faithful work is to set ourselves in the current of Divine activity; and to be in the way of receiving help from God.

The amount and character of the work going on in the universe is the great revelation of modern science. God is the greatest of workers. His wisdom makes His action effective, His love makes it beneficent. Creation is not a mere show, but an achievement. Nature's work is always progressive, always has a future in view. Jesus said no greater or more instructive word than this, "My Father worketh *hitherto*; and I work." Man is not placed here to be idle, but to till the earth, and organize all possible utilities upon it. Every deformity or deficiency in nature shows something appointed for man to do.

Art is the flower and bloom of work, work become beauty. Genius is the highest power of work, the power of concentrating the utmost force upon a single purpose.

The question arises, are not the results of labor purchased by a sacrifice of man's higher nature? If it be so now, through imperfections in our social arrangements, it need not be so. This is a necessary inference from our faith in the Fatherhood of God; and even to our limited observation it is plain that wisdom comes out of work. Who knows the winds and waves like the sailor? Labor itself gives a positive education. Wordsworth notices the reverence of the mind cultivated by books for him whose faithfulness in work has led him to the same results.

Work then, rightly used and rightly understood is a blessing in itself. It is not enough to be physically industrious; we should arrange our labor for the glory of God and the good of men. Many who consent to bodily toil shrink from mental effort and high resolve, the *battle* of life; but often this battle is the very thing required of them.

Of course some are crushed by excess of labor; but this, being one of the evils that cooperation might and should provide against, is one of the cases wherein society has neglected its duty. Physical labor and intellectual study should relieve each other. We should help the toiler, and raise his estimation in his own eyes, by arranging suitable recreation for him, and assuring him time in which to enjoy it. Let there be music, and libraries, and reading-rooms, and galleries of art, for him as well as for others, and let working people be frankly recognized as men and women in such places; with such friendly encouragement, they could do in eight hours the work of ten hours.

The leisure of Sunday offers a time when these things could be enjoyed if they were provided; but this, the laborer's one precious day, has been so perverted in its uses that instead of being the pleasantest, it is the dullest part of the week to him. In Boston, what can the working-man do of a Sunday outside his own poor home but listen to prayers and psalm-singing? How can we find fault with him for indulging in low dissipation as a relief to the monotony of the week, unless some suitable recreation is provided?

As the laborer suffers from monotony of occupation, so the student also. The man of culture dies for want of bodily exercise. Even as far back as Plato's day it was taught that "music" (a comprehensive term for intellectual cultivation) should go hand in hand with "gymnastics." But we neglect to apply our knowledge to practice, and both scholars and laborers suffer. The interests of the working class, far from being an isolated question, involve the true interests of all classes.

The labor question, like the woman question, requires a mutual adjustment of rights and interests. The question of sex demands that each sex have free scope to develop its own powers. Capital, the child of labor, becomes the parent of new and greater works. Books are a store-house of mental capital. Character is moral capital.

The intelligent application of labor to use is a necessary condition of health, both to individuals and society. Science will do much in the future to relieve men of the drudgery of labor, and give us better food, better ventilation, better drainage, and other needful conditions of health. If America, with her democratic freedom, does not put labor on its true basis, and secure true welfare and progressive improvement to the laborer, she will not accomplish her mission. Education is insufficient until it fits every child born, rich or poor, to do its part in the world; and the needful work can and must be done without putting the workman to live in unwholesome cellars, or to continue his labor under any conditions destructive to health.

The repugnance obvious among many working men to the name and the forms of religion seems to be a natural reaction against the bigoted creeds of the old theologies, and the attempt to compel observance of the forms belonging to those creeds. The laboring classes, however, are thinking for themselves upon that matter; and the more they think, the more they will find that natural religion, a faith and a life based upon the facts of human nature, is the right and the divinely appointed provision for their wants. This will lead the way to their intellectual development, and raise them gradually in the moral scale as well as the mental.

We must recognize work as a divine appointment, the necessary condition of healthful life; but we must be careful not to divorce work from beauty. Mrs. Cheney referred to the Brook Farm enterprise in illustration of her idea. This, she said, was outwardly a failure, but it died like a flower, scattering precious seed for the future. She closed by repeating the following beautiful lines, written by one who shared in, or at least sympathized with, that enterprise.

> "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
> I woke and found that life was duty.
> Was thy dream, then, a shadowy lie?
> Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
> And thou shalt find thy dream to be
> A noonday light and truth to thee."

Two of the topics in the beautiful discourse of which I have here given a meagre abstract, remind me to record significant facts which have just transpired. In two of our suburban towns, Newtown and Dorchester, women have already been placed with men on School Committees; and a bill has been introduced into our House of Representatives to legalize the opening of Public Libraries and Reading rooms on Sundays.

NORTH.

AFFAIRS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

LETTER FROM MR. THOMAS MOTTERSHEAD.

LONDON, January, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

THE last Middle-class elected Parliament is defunct. The details of its deeds have passed into history, there to await criticism and judgment. Itself was the incipient phase, of a revolutionary era, the emanation of an expediency, springing from the cowardice of a class, not longer able to resist the popular agitation of an epoch, just strengthened by three sanguinary days in Paris. Its basis laid in fear, it sought at once to appease popular indignation against a selfish oligarchy, to satisfy popular aspirations, while in fact preserving the *statu quo* of high class government. Commencement from this parentage, read by completed events, gives reason for the notorious sterility that marked its proceedings, in just legislation accounting satisfactorily for the torpor that afflicted two-thirds of its career.

In early life, covering some nine or ten years, it did some vigorous scavenging, in brushing cobwebs away and relieving religion of much disability, but for quarter of a century past, its labors have exhibited simple infidelity to the people's cause. At no period of its life did it profess faith in legislation for the masses, rather preferring to entrench itself behind the doctrines of the "*Laizes fare, Laizes aller*" school.

Long before decease, through its tergiversations, it lost the national respect. Deep in egotism it heeded not the people's apathy towards its proceedings; that apathy so dangerous to all governments. So blinded, so it saw not the precipice upon which it balanced; only awakening to commit the suicidal "Leap in the Dark." *Requiescat in Pace.*

A new life begins, but wearied in the struggles made electing our Parliament, we pause and in breathing, review the forward step towards developing the positive, yet incomplete science of representation.

One comparison we draw obviously is that our last parliament was essentially a monetory one; this one is mammon intensified; popular ideas and sympathy alike, having fled from this popularly elected House.

If we except Mr. Thos. Hughes, the exponent of cooperation and Mr. A. J. Mundella, the apostle of *Conseils de Prud hommes*, the French half scheme for arbitrating Trade's disputes, there is not a representative of Labor's rights in the whole assembly; while we are compelled to see the place filled last session by MILL, occupied with a parvenue shop-keeper, surrounded by a crowd of "*Hectors, Theines, Sharpers, Supercargoes, and Directors;*"—the heroes of public company—promoting joint stock bank swindling and railway rings.

The Parliamentary roll counts 658, comprising in it, as the issue of our suffrage, 210 Patricians, anxious(?) to unlock the land, and proclaim equality before the law, some 120 bankers, chairmen of financial undertakings, directing officials, etc., accompanied by 100 military men, emulous of reforming (?) our army, while 140 manufacturers, direct employers of labor, legislate for employees; eighty-four editors and public writers bring up the rear, the majority paid to scribble and defend the interests of all the rest. Nor after all the cant desire frequently expressed, from Earl Russell downwards, of hoping for the inclusion of labor's representatives in it, has even one half-specimen found a place there. Nor was this for want of trial; a dozen attempts were made to put as many labor champions before constituencies, some took the field, two stood the poll to be defeated three to one. The result is from defects which lie deep and are inherent in our elective system. A veteran advocate now growing aged—one that has fought a generation for social and parliamentary reform, when the work was not so free of danger—as a jail soon taught him—reflecting personally at least the histories of five popular agitations wherein he bore no mean share—who still fresh in desire for popular progress, has in the brunt of battle lost the sanguineness of youth, and become soberly conservative in action; he, George Jacob Holyoake—was put preliminarily before half a dozen constituencies, to be immediately rejected; nominally as too heterodox for an assembly, that has listened to a Brougham, a Palmerston, a Molesworth, a Roebuck, and like religious lights; really for his persistent propogandism of labor cooperation, which money and middle-classism does not tolerate. Liberals admit him sound on most subjects, but in this he is to them unpractical. They dread his capable statement of the case, as they are quite aware he has written and spoken more on social matters, than the people will ever reward him for, or discharge their liability to him for the price of ink and paper so used in their cause.

Although he is indispensible, in the *Lobby*, to more than one legislator, often consulted by numbers of them, has frequently been the subject of comment and debate in the House; yet with all it is not deemed requisite by the cliques that he should find a seat upon its benches. His was not the spectre of a chance at the election; not even a respectable invitation to stand and expound his views. That would have been of some value, as all hear matters touched upon in contests, that in ordinary times are tabooed. His native town of Birmingham, which knows him thoroughly, that could cast on trial 43,000 Liberal votes, (the majority given by artizans) as against 17,000 Tories, preferred to couple two mediocre middlemen with John Bright, rather than their pronounced townsman. Of the London Trades Council Secretary, Mr. Geo. Odger's candidature, the less said the better. Some *hocus pocus* spirited him from Stafford, where he held a chance and smuggled him into Chelsea, where he stood none, and so got smuggled out again. His reputation and acknowledged leadership ought to have availed him better. Two Boroughs there are where advanced men are possible, Stafford and Northampton. Their voting power concentrates nearly in one interest, all being shoemakers. Odger being of the lapstone, popular too with his fellow tradesmen; his chance stood well in either place, particularly Stafford, where an act of his, the result of ripe experience and wisdom, had settled a disastrous strike, and gained the respect of the employers. Maladroitness lost both opportunities. Stafford succumbed to reprehensible neglect, and Mr. Bradlaugh's loud opposition to religion excited "*The Pulpit drum ecclesiastic's*" bigoted encounter and defeat.

An article founded on misapprehension in the *Philadelphia Enquirer*, asks digression here. Not one of the gentlemen who arbitrated Mr. Odger's case could have decided against him for the hope of sitting under any one's mahogany. They are all above suspicion, Mr. Thomas Hughes has the reputation of being boldness personified, Mr. P. A. Taylor is anything but a cockney linen-draper, and the third obscure individual is Mr. James Stansfeld, a lord of the Treasury, distinguished when last in office for his admiralty reform—all three possess the confidence of ultra radicals; all were strong for the North during the war. Mr. Taylor was one of Gov. Eyre's prosecutors, and both he and Mr. Stansfeld are particular friends of Mazzini. This notice is demanded from radicals. To resume. The poll was tried at Warwick by a leading Trades Unionist and carpenter—Mr. W. R. Cremer. There was strength too sufficient to have carried two Liberals, had not the *old Whigs* proved refractory. They to a man plumped for a son of the late Sir Robert Peel, who preferred going to Parliament, with a Disraelian Banker, in lieu of the Gladstonian Workingman; one whose simple Democratic earnestness and honest expression outshone all the veneered university intelligence of the shoddy aristocrat, who, to amuse his high supporters, attempted to ridicule a programme he could not comprehend, and failed after trial to imitate. So to recompense his supporters he essayed to insult the man that ought in good party faith have been his colleague.

Of Aylesbury's candidate, Mr. George Howell, bricklayer, and Secretary of the Reform League, enough is known to ensure him respect in any constituency. To account for his defeat, it will suffice to tell that he braved the unholy alliance of a so-called liberal *Scion* of the House of Rothschild, with a Tory local banker, one Smith, whose conspicuous talent consisted in having nothing to say for his party, and in saying the same. Conjointly this pair own the soil of the whole district, and of course its seats in Parliament. Against this compact the "Knight of the Trowel," made a gallant struggle, but could not satisfy the demands of flunkydom, and although a recognized champion of the Liberal party, he found at the polling his place was at the *bottom*.

The above candidates were all endorsed by leaders of eminence in the Liberal party and Pioneers of our national cause; all are important members of the Reform League, now admitted on all sides to have been instrumental in obtaining those suffrages for the people, which the candidates claimed but failed to secure. Nor did the Oxonian freshmen fare better as disciples in the schools of *Goldwin Smith* and *Stuart Mill*, they invariably found defeat. At Abingdon, Clitheroe, Mid Cheshire and Woodstock, even Prof. Smith's nominee, Dr. Sandwith, was thrashed in Mary-le-bone by a bubble company director, with a personified priggish judge for partner.

Not one conspicuous member of the Reform League got admission in the charmed circle, and all expressing the slightest restiveness under respectable social bondage, invariably had to be satisfied with taking last honors at the poll. Hope to remedy this under existing circumstances is *nil*. Asking the population to cement in union useless. Their interests demand their being gregarious, their habits are ever the opposite, after all the simulated and real fear expressed towards Trades's Unions, they show little direct political power—their strength is flooded in the multitude. The old electoral list counted one million in round numbers—including 128,000 artizans—the new acts add one million more, of whom three-fourths are workingmen concentrated in the Boroughs. The statistics of the unionists make their numbers in the aggregate 100,000—*an elite who associate not with their disunited brethren*. These again divide themselves, and on important subjects often disagree. Of the engineers, for instance, about one-third, 33,000, are directed by one head; but the carpenters 16,000, are divided in equal numbers, under separate governments, while the moulders, shipbuilders, masons, bricklayers and shoemakers, all run alone. How can such organizations influence our *National Will* permanently. Their numbers and divisions testify too plainly their weakness. It came to the surface in the recent struggle. They proposed four special points before the county to be required from all candidates; their purport being to consolidate their liberty of action in union. This resulted in the middle-class candidates swallowing the dose with mental reservations, while they took especial care no one should reach the House to propound these specialities on its floor. So labor's buyer legislates alone, for labor-seller. In worship too our workingmen are indifferent, attending neither steepled church nor conventicle; this forms another phase in their disunity.

Our successful man, immediately he reaches desk, or counter, finds it a necessity to become religious; at least on Sundays, and so rub shoulders with the Deacon, his banker or merchant, from whom credit is obtained. In England every church and Ebenezer; down to the little Bethel, is an election committee room; the church-warden or Deacon, chairman of committee; and he knows how to poll the congregation. Wealth completes what influence fails in, and so the lower class is overborne. The ballot may repair this in degree, but organized minorities will ever lord it over disorganized majorities. The system runs to seed; in it there is little coherence and less cohesion. Let an aspirant have money, and speak the *shiboleth* of either faction, and he will outrun the wisest and most capable of any party.

The *modus operandi* is to retain and subsidize a staff numerous as locusts, to sprawl over, cajole, and persistently bully a constituency into subserviency, until the honest opponent retires in disgust and lack of cash. Thus brainless money bags overswarm our Legislative chamber. For proof, take Democratic Lamberth as sample of the rack; an Austrialian merchant, the veriest dolt of politics, for nine months prior to the dissolution, insisted upon being its member, and now sits so, perforce his bank balance; at an estimated cost of $100,000 spent to please his wife. In the strife he pushed the popular sitting member, Mr. Hughes, from his chair.

The Conventions and caucuses of America, reform the greater part of this. In Mr. Goldwin Smith's strictures, on the results of our elections, he points to us the fact that money could not have periled Abraham Lincoln's chance for presidential honors. Conventions effectually squelch personal pretence, by forming first, and then insisting upon rigid adherence to the platform, prior to any other consideration. But this fails of arriving at what should be the desideratum; viz., the full expression of each phase of national thought or will. Anything to obtain this would reform our institutions altogether. At present in neither country is the electoral machine in satisfactory order. In the States, as here, the Labor party complains of being ignored, and of its inability to obtain the floor of Congress. In this dilemma, much as John Bright may desire the fusion of classes and deprecate their special representation, until society is differently ordered, we must to insure internal peace, have every interest adequately represented. It is incumbent therefore on governments desirous of righteously discharging their trust, to adopt some method that shall get at the *bona fide* wishes of the representees.

Dr. Temple, Master of Rugby, proposed to solve this problem, by providing our laboring population, 80 M. Ps, cut away from rotten Boroughs, to be chosen by a suffrage so arranged as to secure the solid concrete vote of those who toil for hire, without the possible alloy of a bourgouis to contaminate the result. Its adoption might for a time have staved the difficulty off, but the act of '68 has pushed it out of possibility. Some good Radicals, no doubt, supported the three cornered constituency clause as a clumsy expedient to attain the same end, and had the workingmen of Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow and Birmingham been equal to the occasion, the object might have been achieved by concentration, but the cry was raised "you will let in the Tory," so middlemen in every case took the lead. The error of both these devices is their provision, but for classes, we hope for more. We want that every phase of thought should find its due expression in the national councils. The best solution of the matter yet attempted in England, is, the work of Mr. Thomas Hare, "on representation," published by Longmans, London, 1865. His several propositions were discussed last year, at a conference held in this metropolis, attended by many leading Reformers. At the outset encountering much opposition, upon stricter scrutiny it secured many adherents, who formed themselves into a committee for furthering enquiry into its merits. Since the elections their numbers have been reinforced by some of its previous opponents. The value of the plan lies in its securing the elector option of voting for whom and almost how he pleases, without restricting choice to particular candidate or locality.

Dividing the whole sum of electors by the complement of members required, it takes their quotient as the vote necessary for qualifying to serve in Parliament; this affords an optional and preferential franchise, whereby the voter to ensure its being utililized, in case the premier choice is elected previously, the vote can be recorded for the second on the list, and so forth, through all the names, according to priority on the polling paper, counting no more for any candidate than the number securing election. Few object to the aim sought, but many fears are urged against its complexity, so steps are being made to simplify its forms. Mr. Walter Morrison, M. P. for Plymouth, proposes to circumscribe its operations to counties alone, instead of spreading over larger areas, while Mr. Holyoake, supports the scheme in its entirety, believing the fault lies in the plan being propounded by a barrister, who like their law books, are all afflicted with an infinite lucidity or protracted clearness, rendering them tedious to peruse.

Rest this as it may, the end it contemplates is very desirable. In England its adoption would finish the rule of money and mediocrity, and in both countries it would obtain a hearing for opinions on questions, that are never forcibly put before Parliament or Congress.

Special interests now obtain special representatives who on general issues profess anything or everything but really act for nothing save railways, banks, or breweries, just what their brief may be. The members who buy their seats with such objects are ever at a crises in national policy, ready to enter "Adullam's *Cave*" or form *Tea-rooms*, to covertly tamper a minister and prevent a dissolution for which they pay so dearly. What to them are national politics if dividends keep high? Amid all these rings, labor finds one member alone to speak for it, and that but from sympathy, which the House jeers at, as he is not of the order whose cause he advocates, and his confreres are quite aware that none, can so truly represent, as they that from experience understand. Many electors refuse now to poll—as they feel nothing in common with the candidates put before them. It is nothing uncommon for nearly half our large constituencies, in the bitterest contest, to remain quiescent. Many of these are thoughtful observant men, and would under Hare's scheme take part in public life. Often to the general good they would find an outlet for their thought in candidates of their own calibre.

Mr. Simon Stern, of the New York Personal Representation Society, when at the conference, told us that while the freetraders of America were an influential and large body of men, they could not under present circumstances get one to expound their views in Congress; evidencing at once that the broadest suffrage does not help their cause.

One objection is that Parliaments would fill with hobby-riders, this is too absurd to need reply. National questions would ever claim the first attention, as members returned for capacity alone would far more loyally divide on administrative proposal, than those who now go in on baser pretensions. But this benefit would accrue to us. We should be delivered from the party rancor now so prevalent in constituencies when defeat is the result of narrow majorities, as in the case of Mr. Gladstone, where in a vote of 15,000 the bare majority was about 200. The voting power finding vent in various directions, would not have its spleen disturbed by hair-breadth defeat, which would add greatly to the preservation of good will and property. Further it would stay all possibility of local or party hatred, concentrating itself to obtain such mortifying defeats as those of Mill and Gladstone, or as in your own midst, that of a leading manager in President Johnson's impeachment. Such occurrences are a national loss. More so when it is presumable such men enjoy the public confidence. Under its operation voters would no longer be compelled to poll for noodles under the fear of dividing the party and letting in an opponent, but would stand manfully by their choice. It seems plain, therefore, it would aid to free politics both high and low from corruption. If we would secure honest representation in national councils, and if desirous of invoking the patriotism of all parties in the State, so as to complete the science of representative government, to this complexion of *personal appeal* we must come at last.

THOMAS MOTTERSHEAD.
Of the National Reform League Executive Council.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post-Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a* REGISTED *letter*. The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Subscribers to THE STANDARD in Philadelphia and vicinity, will please take notice that they can renew their subscriptions as well by sending their money *direct* to Aaron M. Powell, Editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 59 Nassau street, New York City," as to me, and that it may cost less in money and time to do so.

E. M. DAVIS.

FEB. 16, 1869.

A Stated Meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at 727 Filbert street on Fifth Day the 11th inst, at 3 1-2 o'clock p. m.

G. M. S. P. JONES, SEC.

[For the Standard.]

LIFE'S MORNING.

BY AGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

> THE morning, the morning! The beautiful morning!
> It breaketh in waves of gold;
> And the mountains that held up their foreheads in scorning
> With frownings terrific and bold,
> Are smiling at last through an amber adorning
> Of mantle, and ripple and fold.
>
> O happy bee, linger with me in the clover!
> The day is only begun;
> Just wait till the blue-bell unclaspeth her cover,
> And learn how the secret is done;
> There's time both for labor and play, little rover,
> 'Tis long to the setting of sun.
>
> I laugh pretty Rose, for I think it is funny,
> That such a sweet bud of May,
> Will neither reveal, for the love nor the money,
> The wisdom she foldeth away;
> But you'll open your heart to me, down to its honey,
> Before it is noon of the day.
>
> You lock up your riddle and will not confess it,
> Though butter-cups drop you gold;
> It may be the gay bobolink will express it;
> He sings what has never been told:
> He may tangle his song, but I think I shall guess it,
> Before the morning is old.
>
> O dark ribbon river! O low singing river!
> I'll run with you to the Sea:
> For you have a mystery too, to deliver;
> I wonder what it can be:
> The dew dropping ferns on the marge, are a-quiver
> With longing to tell it to me.
>
> 'Tis needless to chide, with your ripple and singing;
> I'm old enough to be brave;
> I'll run to the shore where the glad Sea is bringing
> Some wonder in with the wave;
> The billows are leaping, and there is a ringing
> Of laughter in every cave.
>
> You linger too long, pretty stream, by the willow;
> You loiter by mead and lea:
> There's a shell with a purple lip down by the billow,
> All filled with a murmur for me;
> Or ever I lie down to sleep on my pillow,
> I'll learn that song of the sea.
>
> But the Earth is so bright, I'll enjoy it at leisure,
> For day is only begun;
> I wish it were noon—I would have so much treasure
> There's not much work to be done:
> There is plenty of time, both for labor and pleasure;
> 'Tis long to the setting of Sun.

LITERARY.

ARNE; A Sketch of Norwegian Life. By Björnstyerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Augusta Plesner and S. Rugely Powers. Boston and Cambridge: Sever, Francis & Co.

This is the name of a Norwegian story that has gained a large circulation in the north of Europe, and is there regarded as a true and beautiful picture of life in Norway. The style is quaint and simple, and for its very simplicity, charming. The translators assure us that they have rendered it as literally as the construction of the two languages allows. It is the story of a youth who "had in his mind a song having for its burden 'Over the Mountains high,'" whither he longed to go and learn about the world. But his mother loved him and clung to him, and he could not leave her. He had a fine poetic nature, and when he was tending his sheep, or cutting fagots in the forest, his thoughts would take poetic form. One day he had been at a nutting party, and when he was left alone "his thoughts went floating far away beyond the valley, like the fine air-threads, while he remained behind on the hill, spinning; and before he was aware of it he had woven a close web of sadness. More than ever he longed to go away. * * * With greater force than ever his thoughts turned to his song, "Over the Mountains high," and never before had the words come so swiftly, or linked themselves into rhyme so easily; they seemed almost like girls sitting in a circle on the brow of a hill. He had a piece of paper with and placing it upon his knee, he wrote down the verses as they came. When he had finished the song, he rose like one freed from a burden. * * * One of the girls (the Eli who afterwards secured him to his mother) went on the hill to look for him; she did not find him, but she found his song. "We give the last verse:

> "*Once*, I know, I shall journey far
> Over the mountains high,
> Lord, is thy door already ajar?
> Dear is the home where thy saved ones are,
> But bar it a while from me,
> And help me to long for Thee."

Another day when he and Eli were together, she said, "I often think there's something that sings when all is still," and she said it so soft and low that he felt as if he heard it now for the first time. "It is the good within our own souls," he said.

She looked at him as though she thought that answer meant too much, and they both stood silent a few moments. Then she asked, while she wrote with her finger on the window-pane, "Have you made any songs lately?"

He blushed; but she did not see it, and so she asked once more, "How do you manage to make songs?"

"Should you like to know?"

"Well, yes; I should."

"I store up the thoughts that other persons let slip."

She was silent for a long while; perhaps thinking she might have had some thoughts fit for songs, but had let them slip.

These extracts can hardly give an adequate idea of the freshness, simplicity and poetry of this sweet story. We close with one of Arne's songs:

> "The Tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown:
> 'Shall I take them away?' said the Frost, sweeping down.
> 'No, leave them alone
> Till the blossoms have grown,'
> Prayed the Tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.
>
> "The Tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung:
> 'Shall I take them away?' said the third, as he swung.
> 'No, leave them alone
> Till the berries have grown,'
> Said the Tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.
>
> "The Tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow;
> Said the girl, 'May I gather the berries or no?'
> 'Yes, all thou canst see;
> Take them; all are for thee;'
> Said the Tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low."

Messrs. Sever and Francis have published uniformly with "Arne," "Frankenstein" or "The Modern Prometheus" by Mary W. Shelley, a story written, as the author confesses, with a hope to make the reader dread to look round, to curdle the blood, and quicken the beatings of the heart.

A FEW FRIENDS, AND HOW THEY AMUSED THEMSELVES. By M. E. DODGE. 182 pp. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

In the preface of this charming little book, the author says "The Story of a Few Friends is an attempt to supply an acknowledged social need by presenting, in narrative form, a number of pastimes and intellectual games which persons of culture may enjoy, and which also may serve to bring young folk and their seniors together in a common pursuit of pleasure and profit."

And Mrs. Dodge has succeeded perfectly in her attempt. Probably there is not among her readers a hostess who does not remember moments of agony, akin to Mrs. Vandutten's when "she turned to survey the party and saw that the guests had disposed themselves like so many icy stalagmites around the room, just the wrong people seated side by side, all with ghastly smiles upon their faces not knowing what to do or say." Happy is the hostess who can call to her aid, two such genial, sunny people as Mary Gliddon and Harry Stykes. They confer together, and soon the company are playing "Museum", and afterwards "Throwing Light." This last gives warmth as well as light, and presently all the ice is melted that had gathered in corners and along the walls. Indeed the guests have so good a time, that they resolve themselves into a "Child-again Society," to meet semi-monthly at their respective homes. The reader of Mrs. Dodge's book is made a "mouse in the wall" and has much enjoyment in watching these good people at their games, for nine consecutive meetings. He not only learns of the wit and wisdom necessary to the successful playing of good games, but he soon discovers that a charming romance is weaving itself about these pictured evenings, and he follows it with hearty sympathy till it comes to a happy issue on the last page. As many hostesses as have suffered in the past, will certainly thank Mrs. Dodge for her sprightly descriptions, and take courage for their future gatherings.

Harper's Monthly for March presents among other attractive contributions an illustrated paper by Moncure D. Conway, called "South-Coast Saunterings in England "which gives very interesting reminiscences of Shelley, his wife, Mary Wollstoncraft Shelley, and her parents, William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. The whole article is finely written and shows a warm appreciation of those who live for ideals of truth unaccepted by their age. We quote one passage: "Great men it has been said, serve us by what they do; greater men by what they are. Dante found in the *Inferno* some spirits who could see men and things clearly in the remote past, and had clear visions also of things and men in the ideal future; but near them, in the present, all seemed blurred, chaotic. It will for a long time be that the masses of men will be able to see greatness in the far past, or to see the shadows of the great in the future. Emerson said of Webster, 'He knew the heroes of seventy-six, but could not recognize those of fifty-six, when he met them on Boston streets.'"

Putnam's Monthly contains among other readable contributions, "A rainy-day retrospect of the First Editor, by "Arthur Gilman, in which it is claimed that "when in the third year of the Restoration of the Stuarts, Roger L.' Estrange began to print his *Public Intelligencer*, he was really the first who established a newspaper as a vehicle of general information." C. P. Cranch writes an amusing "Plea for the sense of Smell" in which he says: "The nose is a dietetic president, an honorable chief-justice, always attending Court and deciding grave questions for the happiness and health of those plebeian digestive organs." Olive Logan describes Home life in Paris." "Schele De Vere" tells of the "Wonders of the Deep." Bayard Taylor writes of "Literature, Art and Science Abroad," and Clarence Cook in a "Table-Talk" pleads for a public Museum to be established in New York City which shall be free to rich and poor alike.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe contributes a very able and valuable article on "Women as Voters" in the March number of the *Galaxy*. The editor takes occasion to say that even Mrs. Howe's able presentation of the case has failed to convince him of the necessity or the utility of extending the elective franchise to women; but he frankly admits that the question has become one of the prominent political problems of the day. The opening chapters of Charles Reade's new novel "Put Yourself in his place" are given in this number. Among the other contributors are Justin McCarthy, Richard Grant White Mrs. Edwards and Eugene Benson.

In the March number of the *Atlantic Monthly* is the first of a series of articles by Rev. James Freeman Clark on what he terms "A new Chapter of Christian Evidences." He compares Christianity with other religions, and "proposes to show that it possesses all the aptitudes which fit it to be the religion of the human race." T. W. Higginson continues" his "Oldport Romance;" Mrs. H. B. Stowe contributes "Little Captain Trott;" Dr. Henry I. Bowditch treats of the causes and prevention of consumption in America;" James Parton writes about "Popularizing Art" and pays a well deserved compliment to Mr. Prang's success in Chromo-Lithography. Another of the suggestive series of papers on cooperative housekeeping is given in this number.

The Woman's Advocate for March, the third number of the new monthly, is superior to either of its predecessors. It presents the following table of contents: "Breakers!" by Caroline H. Dall; "Right Versus Wrong," by Helen Rich; "Immunity of Sex," by Caroline A. Campbell; "One Hundred Years Hence," by Joshua Hutchinson; "Under Ban," by Wm. P. Tomlinson; "Address," by Elizabeth B. Chace; "The Ruined Home," by George Johnson; "Suffrage at the Capital," by Giles B. Stebbins; "Education for Women," by E. M. Powell; "What Do Women Want?," by W. J. Linton; "A County Girl in St. Louis," by Agnes Howell; "Why Men should not Vote," by George S. Burleigh; "Principles and Parties," by Henry B. Blackwell; "Political Correlations," by Antoinette Brown Blackwell; Editorials, Notes, Literary.

A new candidate for public favor among magazines is the *Brooklyn Monthly* which opens very fittingly with a likeness and complimentary sketch of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Augustus Maverick of the *Evening Post* writes very entertainingly of "Newspaper Life in New York." Although this magazine claims to rely mainly upon Brooklyn for its literary strength, it would not be understood as confined to a local interest. This first number promises well, and we wish for it an abundant prosperity.

Lippincott's Magazine for March presents part III. of Robert Dale Owen's story "Beyond the Breakers," with its usual well selected variety of essays and stories. The Publishers announce a new serial novel by Anthony Trollope to be commenced in the July number.

Frank Burnand, the author of "Happy Thoughts," which has excited so much admiration in "Punch," and subsequently in book form, (republished by Roberts Brothers, Boston,) is contributing a new story, "Major Blake" to the *Brittania Magazine*.

"Thorwaldsen and his Works," an elaborate tribute to the genius of the great sculptor, is about to be reissued in this city. It contains nearly four hundred copper-plate engravings, with explanatory text, and will be published in twenty numbers.

Dr. Balzec, a German philosopher and author of renown, has written "The Life of Pythagoras," giving interesting particulars concerning the doctrines, the life, and the doings of the philosopher.

Miss Alcot's new book—the sequel to Little Women—is stereotyped, and will be published soon by Roberts Brothers.

RECEIVED.

THE SHAKSPEARE TREASURY. By Charles W. Stearns, M. D. 436 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

MADAME DE STAEL: An Historical Novel, by Amely Bölte. Translated from the German by Theodore Johnson. 487 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

Brooklyn Monthly for March. Brooklyn: Horace W. Love & Co.

The Radical for March. Boston: S. H. Morse and J. B. Marvin.

The Woman's Advocate for March. New York: W. P. Tomlinson.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JAMES G. BIRNEY.

AT her sweet home in Geneva, N. Y., MRS ELIZABETH P. BIRNEY died on January 12th. She was buried in Williamsburg, by the side of her husband of noble and honored memory, JAMES G. BIRNEY, whose principles she cherished with unfaltering fidelity. Lovely and unselfish as she was in her private relations, and treasured as is the memory of every hour spent in the gentle and affectionate circle of herself and sisters, yet there was nothing that bound my heart to dear, blessed, MRS. BIRNEY like her clear, just-minded appreciation, and passionate devotion to the cause of Freedom which she felt was unfulfilled till the Rights of the victim race were secured beyond peril of being revoked. She most fully sympathised with the American Anti-Slavery Society. She loved THE STANDARD and in her dying hour sent me her annual donation to our late A. S. festival in Boston.

> "Love and unsevered union
> Of soul with those we love,
> Nearness and glad communion
> Shall be our joy above."

S. H.

LYDIA ROBERTS.

DIED.—Of Pulmonary Consumption at Norristown, on the 30th of the 11th mo., 1868, Lydia, eldest daughter of Ruth and the late Isaac Roberts, in the 28th year of her age.

She was for several years an efficient teacher in the schools of her native place; and was much loved by her pupils for her pleasant manner of imparting instruction.

By her cheerful smile, kind disposition, and quick perceptions of right, united to a persuasive influence on others; and her acts of kindness and consideration to all; she was endeared to a large circle of relatives and friends, by whom her loss will be deeply felt.

Though reconciled to the approach of death, she looked forward to the future with hope, and frequently expressed the wish that her life might be spared, if it could be useful, or desirable to her mother or other relatives.

When those of riper years are removed from time, we feel that it is but the usual manifestation of life's purpose here; but when the lovely and young depart, a deeper shadow seems to have fallen upon us.

As we recall the admirable traits of her character, which it were well to emulate, we turn with sad remembrance to the vacant place in that home, which shall know her no more.

> And it is well to hold in memory here,
> The attributes of those whose lives were dear—
> Guard what they cherished—if we therefore dwell,
> Nearer to Him, who doeth *all things* well.

1st mo., 7th, 1869. H.

Special Notices.

PREMIUMS

WE will send post-paid, to any one renewing a subscription for THE STANDARD and sending one new subscriber ($6); or remitting for two new subscribers ($6), a copy of ANNA E. DICKINSON'S new book, 301 pages, just issued by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, entitled "WHAT ANSWER?" As with her voice, so with her pen, Miss Dickinson pleads eloquently the cause of the still oppressed colored people. The story is one of thrilling interest, characterized by a noble purpose and high moral tone. It deserves, and will doubtless achieve, a wide circulation. Our premium offer puts it within easy reach of thousands.

WE continue to offer to old subscribers who renew their subscriptions and send one new subscriber for the year ($6); or to any who will send two new subscribers ($6); either of the following very desirable books:

Wendell Phillips' "Speeches, Lectures and Letters," 562 pages, with steel portrait—price $2.50.

Lydia Maria Child's Romance of the Republic, 442 pages—price $2.50.

Caroline H. Dall's "College, Market and Court, 498 pages—price $2.50.

CLUB RATES.

We will hereafter send *The Radical* ($4.50 a year) and THE STANDARD, each one year to old, or new subscribers, the two for $5.50;—

The Woman's Advocate ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $4.00;—

The Herald of Health ($2.00 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50;—

Merry's Museum ($1.50 a year) and THE STANDARD, the two for $3.50.

Advertisements.

HERALD OF HEALTH.

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How to Rear Superior Children,
By Madame Kriege.
Is it a Sin to be Sick?
By Rev. Chas. H. Brigham,
Dangers of Familiarity with Evil,
By Henry Ward Beecher.
The Grape Cure as Practiced in Switzerland,
(In three articles), By Prof. E. P. Evans.
BEST FOOD FOR STRONG BONES,
By D. H. Jacques.
Luxury,
By O. B. Frothingham.

Kitty Howard's Journal,
Up the Mississippi,
Heart Disease,
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The Education of Little Children,
By a Kindergarten Teacher.
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By Rev. Washington Gladden.
WHAT IS TRUE WORK?
By Rev. H. W. Beecher.
The Climate of the Northwest for Invalids,
By Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M. D.
God's Method of Education,

The Art of Being Healthy,
Mrs. Winslow's Syrup,
A Noble Study,
Overwork and Underwork,
Life of Lucretia Mott,
Who is Educ

Miscellaneous Department.

HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Right in the track where Sherman
Ploughed his red furrow,
Out of the narrow cabin,
Up from the cellar's burrow,
Gathered the little black people,
With freedom newly dowered,
Where, beside their Northern teacher,
Stood the soldier, Howard.

He listened and heard the children
Of the poor and long-enslaved
Reading the words of Jesus,
Singing the songs of David.
Behold!—the dumb lips speaking,
The blind eyes seeing!
Bones of the Prophet's vision
Warmed into being!

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal;
Almost it seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!

There was the human chattel
Its manhood taking;
There, in each dark, bronze statue,
A soul was waking!
The man of many battles,
With tears his eyelids pressing,
Stretched over those dusky foreheads
His one-armed blessing.

And he said: "Who hears can never
Fear for or doubt you:
What shall I tell the children
Up North about you?"
Then ran round a whisper, a murmur,
Some answer devising;
And a little boy stood up: "Massa,
Tell 'em we're rising!"

O black boy of Atlanta!
But half was spoken:
The slave's chain and the master's
Alike are broken.
The one curse of the races
Held both in tether:
They are rising—all are rising,
The black and white together!

O brave men and fair women!
Ill comes of hate and scorning:
Shall the dark faces only
Be turned to morning?
Make time your sole avenger,
All-healing, all-redressing;
Meet Fate half-way and make it
A joy and blessing!

—*Atlantic Monthly for March.*

HOW TO READ A NEWSPAPER.

THERE is art in reading a newspaper. This is not surprising, because there is an art in doing anything as it ought to be done. But it is surprising that nine out of every ten never think that reading a newspaper is a matter of art.

How much of an art you should make it depends on the object in view. If you only intend to glance at its contents you need nothing more than a running eye—such an eye, for instance, as most editors use on most manuscripts. It ought to be, however, a sharp eye, lest you miss something of special value to yourself. And it should be a well-practiced eye, since no man can afford to do anything rapidly unless he has habituated himself to the exercise. But you would do well to remember that this sort of reading is like fast traveling—the objects seen are merely seen, not looked at. Moreover, this incontinent hurry is pernicious to the nervous system, and especially to the brain. It injures the mind by weakening the perceptions and the memory. If you have taken hold, firm hold, of your facts, you may indulge this quick-going impulse, but never under other circumstances.

Should you propose to read the newspaper for information touching some subject of particular interest, you should put yourself in the attitude of a sensible man who is honestly seeking knowledge. This attitude requires an open mind. It involves large sympathies. It demands sensibilities keenly acute to truth of fact and still more to truth of principle. If you read from an imaginative point of view, you will be intent on gratifying your wishes; the arguments will be what you desire, since the imagination reads, not you yourself. Reading for information is entirely inconsistent with partisanship and bigotry; and so then, if the newspaper is to instruct you, it must be treated with that courtesy of intellect which is the unvarying sign of high-bred honesty. A caution, too, is necessary. To read for information only is not the healthiest regimen for the mind. Say what you will, it is a sort of semi-starving diet. Memory is fed; personal inclination is fed; and passion is sometimes fed; but the true soul in you is half famished. Information should be speedily transmuted into intelligence if you are solicitous to be a wiser man.

A good newspaper gives the foremost thoughts of the day. It is not so much a record of the hour as a reflex of the times; and in this respect it is very serviceable. A servant it is, not in the kitchen sense but in the court sense. Those old publications like *Niles' Register* were chiefly memoirs of the public, a nascent biography on an abbreviated scale, and for a past age were very admirable. But the times have changed; society is much more complex; trade is more hazardous; government has more intricate and diversified tasks; and, therefore, thinking newspapers are in great demand. A photographic copy of the day is not the business of the newspaper. All such copies are dull, phlegmatic, dropsical. Nor should they be fancy portraits of the day. Such portraits mislead; they are elegant cheats. But newspapers should paint the day as it is rather than as it appears. Unless they do this they give you a skeleton of bones when you wish flesh and blood. Certain newspapers present the mere facts that happen to exist, leaving their readers to draw their own inferences. This is somewhat like asking a party of friends to dinner, and when they come requesting them to do their own cooking. Such facts are to most people dead phenomena. The province of a real newspaper is to digest, arrange, elucidate these facts, and in this chiefly consists the art editorial. Understand, then, that the editor of your newspaper is one of your educators, who does not indeed think for you, but who does think to spur you to think. For our part, we prefer a fine editorial to anything in a paper. The ideal of editorials is thought as the offspring of facts, and that is the perfection of wisdom, although, like other ideals, it is rarely realized. But unrealized ideals are much better than lower standards even if fully reached.

A man may very properly study that portion of a newspaper bearing on his own business. He should not forget, however, that his business is a part of the commercial world, and with it rises or falls. Often he may get most useful hints outside of his own trade. Inventions not directly connected with his department of life; advertisements of other branches of business; changes in the course of commerce; investments in new manufactures, may be of moment to his welfare. Cotton-buyers have an interest in guano and other commercial fertilizers. Paper-makers are parties to the poor rag-gatherers. The refuse of the streets and the luxuries of fine mansions have lately come into alliance. A mind of wide range, if it use a good newspaper rightly, is often helped in most unexpected quarters; many of its indirect aids prove the most direct; and so a Scripture fact comes to a new application, viz.: "Thereby some have entertained angels *unawares*." If you are a large merchant a first-class newspaper is your encyclopedia, or, in the freedom of hyperbole, a cosmopolitan library wherein the world is daily exhibited. Nor indeed can one see how mercantile life could have risen to be a profession without the auxiliary of the newspaper. A great merchant is now a student of geography, of political science, of statistics, of sociology, of education, of science and art. All these bear closely and vitally on his interests. The more he expands his trade the more is he dependent on newspapers. And this truth applies to all forms of business and social connections; and hence, since we must know the world in order to work advantageously for its well-being and for our own, we should learn *how to read a newspaper.—Harper's Bazar.*

SCULPTORS OF OUR OWN FACES.—The human face is a sublime, a beautiful, a mysterious revelation. The life experience traces itself upon the living clay, and for a brief moment the soul looks through a splendid mask of time, transfigured or disfigured by bodily habits, vices or passions.

It is a great misfortune to be preoccupied with vulgar or trivial things; they cannot make the heroic face. The reason that poets have such beautiful faces, in spite of habits like Burns' and Poe's, is that they contemplate beautiful things and think grand and generous thoughts. All the great painters have been handsome and remarkable-looking men. Titian, and Raphael, and Rubens, and Vandyke, readily illustrate my statement. Tintoret had a solemn and grand face; Da Vinci, a noble and beautiful face; Rembrandt, a sagacious, honest, profound face. Our fine sculptors, Brown, Ward, Palmer and Thompson, have something Continental about their faces, and do not look narrow, but as if illuminated by a ray of the ideal. The finest faces in Europe were the faces of Shakspeare, Moliere and Goethe. Their faces prove to us that just in the measure that we escape sordid thoughts and material cares, and occupy our minds with the beauty of nature, the wit of men, the poetry of life, we set to work a skillful sculptor, who day by day models with an imperceptible and sure hand the heavy, expressionless clay; and in time the rude features become almost grand with goodness like Lincoln's, beautiful with tranquility like Washington's, or titanic like Webster's.

BETTER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THAT haunting dream of Better,
Forever at our side!
It tints the far horizon,
It sparkles on the tide,
The cradle of the Present
Too narrow is for rest;
The feet of the Immortal
Leap forth to seek the Best.

O beauty, trailing sadness!
Despair, hope's loftiest birth!
With tears and aspirations
Have ye bedewed the earth.
The opening buds of April
Untimely frost may chill;
The soul of sweet October
Faints out in mystery still.

What buriest thou, gay childhood?
Swift youth, what fled with thee?
Laugh'st at our losses, Sorrow,
As in some god-like glee?
Away, away forever
Our vessels seem to sail:
The eternal breath o'ertakes them;
Home speeds them every gale.

The filmy gold and purple
Swathed not the hill we trod;
'Twas hard and common climbing,
The bramble and the clod.
The bitterness we tasted
Was Truth's most wholesome leaven:
The friends that left us lonely
Are opening doors in heaven.

And now the deeper midnight
Uncovers larger stars;
And grafts of glory burgeon
From earthly blights and scars.
And now the mists are lifting—
The tides are rushing in—
'Tis sunrise on the mountains!—
Lo! life is yet to win!

STEELE AND ADDISON.

THEIR pages are full of life and stir, of men and women, of the facts of the street and the tavern and the play-house. The reader's fancy is fixed by living pictures, often at the very outset; and if not at the outset, then surely before he has had time to grow weary. The most general kind of meditation is tacked to some particular bit of actual circumstance. Who would suppose that he was beginning an Essay on Death when the opening words tell him that "upon taking my seat in a coffee house, I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hottest season of news, and at a time that perhaps the Dutch mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for his last week's bill of mortality;" I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a Parish Sexton, sometimes for an Undertaker, and sometimes for a Doctor of Physic?" It cannot be denied that there is something exceedingly attractive in this lively and graphic way of opening a grave subject, while it is still in perfect keeping.

Perhaps nowhere else in literature is the mixture of grave and lively, of general and particular, of the anecdotic and the didactic, managed with such easy skill, such entire concealment of the art that produces these delightful results. The essay in which Addison complains of the ungracefulness of gesture which distinguishes our English orators—a complaint of which the reader might have been reminded as often as he chose during the last autumn—contains, though shortly, some good illustrations of the success with which, like a true humorist, he knew how to make one smile, without drawing too near the unseemly region of the grin. Nothing is more ridiculous, he decides, than the gestures of an English speaker. "You see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it; you may see many a smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hand, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it, sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue; a deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation." All this is very happy and playful, and might perhaps have proved more effective than angrier remonstrances that have been showered on public speakers since Queen Anne's time, if only the member of Parliament, oratorical by wish rather than by capacity, were open to appeals of any kind.

Then the perfume of literature which rises in the midst of all their closeness to the town life of the hour in the papers both of Addison and of Steele, lends another charm to them. There is always a delicate bookish flavor about them; this is insured by the Latin motto, if there is nothing else; but in most of them there is, besides the motto, a subtle undertone of bookishness that is particularly delightful, even to people who could not tell distinctly what it is that they find so attractive. Of all delightful characteristics in an essay, none is more excellent than this mixture, in which the writers of the *Spectator* were so happy, of active sympathy with life, and a scholarly relish for polite learning. Several senses at once seem to be gratified by the combination. Perhaps this, after all, is the most conspicuous feature of these essays—variety of tones, with the most exquisite moderation and balance in each; reality without grossness, sprightliness without flippancy, bookishness without pedantry. The result is like some culinary masterpiece, in which it is impossible to distinguish this or that crude element, whilst the omission or slightest excess of any one of them would spoil the whole effect.

This consideration shows the absurdity of the conventional recommendation of the *Spectator* to young students as a complete model of style. The young student will be able to write like Steele and Addison when he knows as much about life as they did, when he feels as deeply about it, when his knowledge of books is as mellowed as theirs was, and when he has their kindliness of feeling; and by this time he will unquestionably have formed a style of his own which will be a great deal more becoming than any that he could have borrowed either from them or anybody else. Their style has one quality perhaps which their example may recommend, and in which our ardent times are defective; we mean a certain moderation, temperance, or reserve of statement and argument. And yet in politics the Queen Anne writers, Steele included, could be at least as virulent and angry as the warmest of our contemporaries.—*The Saturday Review.*

WHAT A SPIDER EATS PER DIEM.

IN order to test what a spider can do in the way of eating, we arose about daybreak in the morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at half-past five a. m., in September. At seven a. m. the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting a while, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at nine a. m. A little after nine we supplied him with a daddy long-legs, which he ate by noon. At one o'clock a blowfly was greedily seized, and then immediately, with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blowfly.

During the day and towards evening, a great many small green flies, or what are popularly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted one hundred and twenty all dead and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering from indigestion or in any other way from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges which he then took to his retreat for tea. This process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little detachments, until the web was eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious web-making process, and before daybreak another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak a small alligator was eaten; at 7 a. m. a lamb; at 9 a. m. a young cameleopard; at 1 o'clock a sheep, and during the night one hundred and twenty larks. This, we believe, would be a very fair allowance for a man during twenty-four hours; and could we find one gifted with such an appetite and digestion, we can readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.—*English Paper.*

THE LIVING.

THEY are the living who strive worthily, who bear
Upon both soul and brow the seal of steadfast care,
Who the most rugged heights of destiny have climb'd,
And who walk pensively by noble ends sublimed,
Having before their eyes, ceaselessly, day and night,
Either some holy work, or some great love's delight.
The prophet and the saint prostrate before the Ark,
The laborer and hind, workman and patriarch,
Whose hearts are fraught with good, whose lives are ever full—
These, Lord! the living are: the rest are corpses dull.
I pity them tired out with nought—that all they list;
For aye the heaviest load is lifelessly to exist.

What! not to love, to tread an ever dark career,
Without one dream before, one past to claim a tear,
To march straightforward on, the whither all unknown,
To laugh outright at Jove, nor yet Jehovah own,
To view without respect star, flower, and woman fair,
To cherish the body aye, and give the soul no care,
To spend endeavors vain for ends as vainly sped,
To hope no heaven above, to even forget the dead,—
O no! I am not of these: or great or prosperous,
Proud, powerful, or hid in haunts luxurious,
I flee them, and I loathe the paths their feet have known.
And I would rather be, O pismires of the town!
Crowd! clods! dead-hearted ones! sham men! degenerate crew!
A tree out in the woods than a soul to live like you.

VICTOR HUGO.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

THE chief argument's for the habitability of Jupiter are founded on his enormous magnitude, and the magnificence of the system which circles around him. It seems difficult to imagine that so grand an orb has been created for no special purpose, and it is equally difficult to conceive what purpose Jupiter can be said to fulfill unless he is the abode of living creatures. He is, indeed, an object of wonder and admiration to our astromers; but the mind must be singularly constituted which can accept the view that Jupiter was constructed for no other end. When every object around us suffices to exhibit the omnipotence of the Creator, we require no such evidence as is afforded by a globe exceeding the earth 1300 times and more in volume. The light afforded to us by Jupiter is so insignificant, also, that we cannot suppose him to have been created for no other purpose than to supply it. His influence in swaying the planetary motions is important, and he also appears to have a noteworthy influence on the sun's atmosphere; but neither influence seems necessary to the well-being of the inhabitants of earth. Thus we appear forced to concede that Jupiter has been constructed to be the abode of living creatures.

The enormous volume of Jupiter is in part counteracted—so far as its influence on the inhabitants of Jupiter is concerned—by the small density of the planet, insomuch that the attraction of gravity at his surface is not so much greater than terrestrial gravity as might be supposed. Yet it exceeds the latter more than twofold; so that the weight of an inhabitant of our earth would be increased in about the same proportion if he were removed to Jupiter as it would be diminished if he were removed to Mars. The lightest men on our earth would find themselves as unwieldy as our Lamberts and Bantings if they were placed on Jupiter's surface. We are compelled to recognize in this circumstance a peculiarity which would render Jupiter unfit for beings constituted exactly like the inhabitants of earth; but modifications not much more marked than those which distinguish the various species of the same genera on earth would be sufficient to enable terrestrial races to endure, without discomfort or inconvenience, the powerful gravitation experienced by the inhabitants of Jupiter.

The day of Jupiter is less than ours in the proportion of about two to five, while his year contains nearly twelve of ours. His axis is so nearly perpendicular to his orbit that there are no appreciable seasons on his surface.—*St. Paul's.*

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

The Chicago Evening Journal has been favored with permission to copy the following interesting and characteristic letter of Dr. Franklin not before published:

FROM DR. FRANKLIN TO MISS E. HUBBARD.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 12th, 1756.

Dear Child: I condole with you. We have lost a most dear and valuable relation, but it is the will of God and Nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter into real life. Existence here on earth is hardly to be called life. 'Tis rather an embryo state—a preparation to living, a man is not completely born until he is dead. Why, then, should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals—a new member added to their society?

We are spirits. That bodies should be lent to us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge, or in doing good to our fellow-creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for their purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. That way is death.

We ourselves, prudently in some cases, choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He that plucks out a tooth, parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it, and he that quits the whole body parts with all the pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we are invited abroad on a party of pleasure that is to last forever. His chair* was first ready, and has gone before us. We could not conveniently all start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow, and we know where to find him?

Adieu, my dear, good child, and believe that I shall be, in every state, your affectionate papa,

BENJ. FRANKLIN.

*Alluding to the sedan chairs, then in fashionable use.

BOOKS.—We pass our time here very quietly; this you cannot doubt; but very swiftly; which will surprise you; work, walking, conversation, reading, all these are called into our assistance. Speaking of books, you tell me wonders of M. Nicole's last production; I have read some passages that appeared to me very fine; the author's style enlightens, as you say, and makes us enter into ourselves, in such a way as discovers the beauty of his mind and the goodness of his heart; for he never scolds out of season, which is the worst thing in the world, and never produces the desired effect. I did not purchase the book at the time, which was in Lent: I contented myself with the good Le Tourneux. We are reading a treatise of the pious man of Port Royal upon continual prayer, which is a sequel to certain pious works that are very fine; but this, which is much larger, is so spiritual, so luminous, and so holy, that though it be a thousand degrees above our understanding, it does not fail to please and charm us. We are delighted to find that there have been, and still are, people in the world to whom God has communicated his Holy Spirit and grace in such abundance; but, good heavens! when shall we be possessed of one little spark, of one single degree? How sad it is to find ourselves so far behind here, and so near in other things! fie, fie, let us not name this misfortune! we ought to humble ourselves at it a hundred times a day.—*From the New Edition of Madame de Sévignés Letter, published by Roberts Brothers.*

HOLIDAYS.—A holiday may be a holiday without change of air; and the best and most pleasant holidays are those which come the most frequently, and last the least time. A vacation, or whatever it may be called, which extends over several weeks, and takes a man out of the ordinary sphere of his employment, is almost equivalent to an utter change of life. He begins it with a wrench, so to speak, and he ends it with a wrench. Toward the latter part of his holiday he counts the hours that intervene between him and his work, and he returns to his employment as to a prison. His old habits have left him, his old haunts are strange, his old companions strange, his old occupations are strange and distasteful. He has lost that pleasant elasticity of mind which he thought, and his friends told him, was the exhaustion of overwork; and instead of applying himself to his labor with renewed strength, he is only conscious of an increased degree of lassitude. The relaxation afforded by short occasional holidays—by those few hours snatched without long premeditated design from an engrossing employment, and enjoyed without a feeling that when they end they will be followed by a long and seemingly interminable period of dull and unbroken drudgery, is far more invigorating than the effect produced on the human system by the longest periods of repose. In one case the holiday sets with the promise that another will rise to-morrow; in the other case it sets with no promise, but with much gloom.—"*Common Sense Papers,*" *in Cassell's Magazine.*

THERE is a charm about colloquial pleasures, and the chain of feeling is brightened and more highly polished by its aid, provided the stream of converse be pure and sanctified. Truth is ever a refiner, and were it always suffered to be a filterer, nothing corroding or corrupting would escape us.

Our garden is still brightening in beauty as Autumn calls forth its flowery family; and to me these flowers are not only testimony bearers of the power and purpose of all-creative energy, but they are also sometimes ministers of consolation and encouragement, by reviving the language: "If He so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith."

REMAINS OF WILLIAM PENN.—A project is being agitated in Philadelphia to bring the remains of William Penn from England to Pennsylvania, and to erect a splendid monument over them. It has been ascertained that they were buried in a leaden coffin, and, notwithstanding the fact that they have been under ground for nearly two centuries, it is urged that transportation to America will not be difficult.

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